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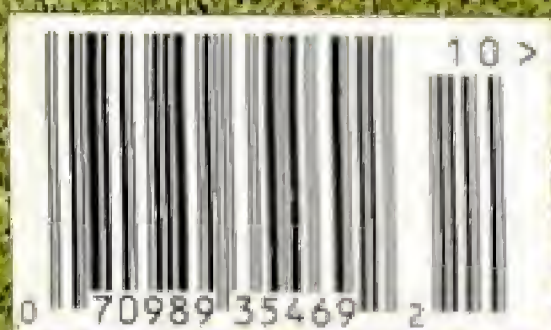
Sandra Bernhard On Fashion

Inside *The New Yorker*

OCTOBER 1995

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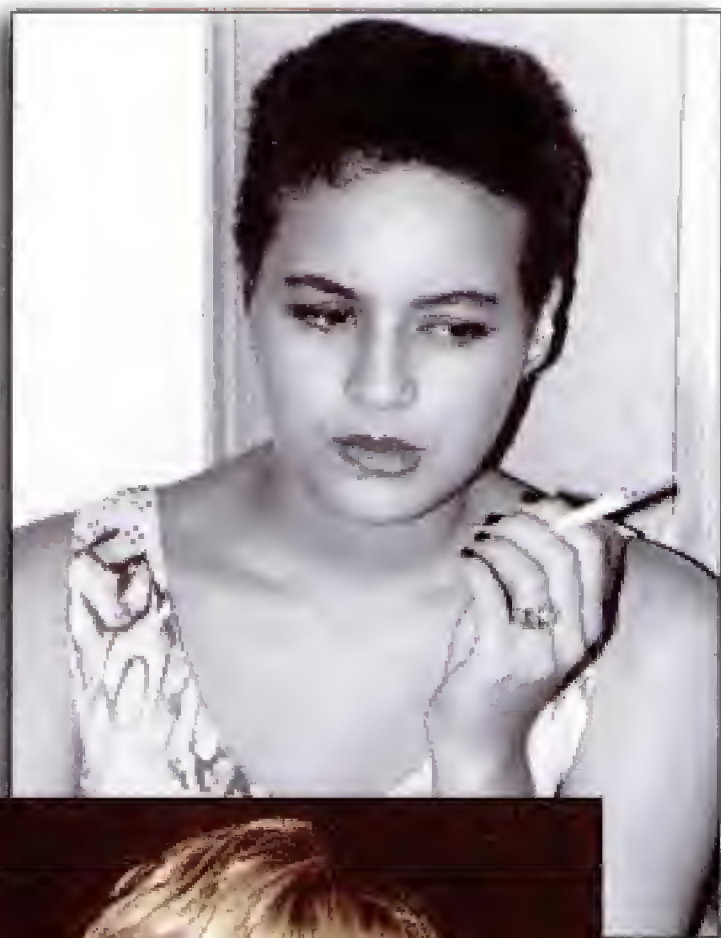
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Features

Daddy's Girl

Despite all the public tears he's cried over daughter Cheyenne's tragic suicide, Marlon Brando may have done more to cause her pain than prevent it. Reporter Jill Neimark uncovers shocking taped interviews with Cheyenne that lead to a sordid trail of manipulation, manslaughter, and familial relations that make *Chinatown* look like *The Brady Bunch*. **34**

We Needed the Money for Haircuts!

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Keep Your Eyes On Your Own Test, Mr. Ezsterhas

So you want to write the screenplay for the next Hollywood blockbuster? Sorry, unless you've got the time and talent to create a truly formulaic piece of garbage, you haven't got a chance—until now! Using the purloined scripts to Demi Moore's and Sylvester Stallone's yet-to-be-produced films *Striptease* and *Daylight*, Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck have devised a surefire method for determining future Tinseltown success: The Official SPY Screenwriter Aptitude Test. **50**

Ms. Brown, Mr. Mailer Wants to Know if You Picked Up His Dry Cleaning

Perception: Condé Nast and Tina Brown have turned the once-moribund *New Yorker* into a vibrant commercial and critical success. Reality: They took a profitable cultural icon and turned it into a financial disaster—a cesspool of celebrity worship and rampant egotism. In a blaze of journalistic suicide, Greg Easley gets the inside and outside dirt on the "new" *New Yorker*, its icy editrix, and its magic-numbers "success". **57**

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What's it like backstage at a major fashion show? What the hell do you care? Sandra Bernhard takes a tour of the world of high fashion and explains it all to us. As if we needed to know. **64**

Cover model: Laura Selway from Life Styles; Props: Pink Pussy Cat Boutique

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—Canby, The New York Times

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By JEAN COCTEAU

Translated by JEREMY SAMS

Directed by SEAN MATHIAS



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GORGEOUS,
STYLISH,
TRASHY,
MONSTROUS,
AND DEEPLY
ENTERTAINING!"**

—Winer, Newsday

**"SEXY,
HILARIOUS
AND, FINALLY,
TERRIFYING."**

—Cunningham, WCBS-TV



The Ice Cream Smile



IMAGE IS EVERYTHING, said André Agassi. Or was that Martha Stewart?

Whichever. It's never been more true than today, with the news media tripping over themselves to get the jump on the ever-changing, always fascinating palette of American celebrityhood.

And we're not just talking about movie stars, either. No, image is important to just about *everyone* these days. When bootlegger's grandson Edgar Bronfman grew tired of Mike Ovitz's demands, he made the ultimate image-conscious move and hired Ovitz's *right-hand man* Ron Meyer to head up MCA. How perfect! How Hollywood! Not to be outdone, however, Ovitz reportedly leaked the story himself, saying how happy he was over the decision. No new job, still stuck as an agent at CAA, but happy!

But, really, image is more than important—it's news! Which is why, when Diane Sawyer discreetly inquired whether Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie Presley-Jackson actually, um, *have sex*

(presumably, the gender-troubled couple wanted to clear the air about what they considered an image

problem of their own), she did so on ABC's *PrimeTime Live*—which falls under the aegis of that network's news division—rather than, say, a more kissy-kissy show such as *Entertainment Tonight*.

Why? Because Michael Jackson is *news*. Lisa Marie is *news*. Even Diane Sawyer is *news*! In an interview with MTV "reporter" Tabitha Soren (who has something of an image problem of her own), the \$7 million anchorwoman said she felt inadequate when she compares her salary to that of jobs unrelated to her lofty journalistic ethics.

"The gratitude you have when a plumber comes quickly when your toilet is overflowing and they're supremely talented should be matched with dollars," she told *USA Weekend*.

You see, it's all image. Plumbers don't make seven mil because they aren't network newspeople who get interviewed by cable-music-channel people for shoddy, drivel-splattered newspapers who only want another take on the whole network-news/Connie Chung thing. (*Talk about an image problem.*)

Sawyer herself even scoffed at the idea that sexism had anything to do with Chung's firing. "I think you're talking about cosmetics a little bit," she giggled.

Yes! That's our point exactly! It's all cosmetics, in the end. A little more blush, a little rouge in the cheeks, a lighter hand with the eyeliner and she'd still be on the air today!

And that's just from the world of entertainment. Sorry, news. Clearly, though, this country is going through its most severe image crisis since, well, since that haircut fiasco on Air Force One a couple years back. And one look at Hillary's ever-changing coif will tell you: *There's* a person who's been searching for an image practically since day one. Come to think of it, this whole image thing has really gotten out of hand since the Clintons moved to town.

THINK ABOUT IT: WHITEWATER, Gennifer Flowers, Universal Healthcare (not to mention Ford, Coca-Cola, and Spam). Are we in Bosnia or ain't we? Was that whole Somalia thing a success or a failure? In fact, practically the only true image we've gotten out of the White House in the past two-and-a-half years has been a pleasant picture in our minds of Bubba sittin' on the back porch o' the White House an' smokin' a big celebratory stogie after we rescued that bug-eatin' pilot out o' the jungle. Now, *there's* an image we can sink our teeth into!

Not like, say, *Newsweek's* stirring portrait of accused baby-bomber Little Timmy McVeigh (isn't that the name of a character in *It's A Wonderful Life*?). In an exclusive prison interview, the magazine reported that McVeigh (or was it *Meet John Doe*?) "seemed a lot more like a typical Gen-Xer than a deranged loner....His handshake was firm, and he



looked his visitors right in the eye. He appeared a little nervous, maybe, but good-humored and self-aware. Normal."

See? Not deranged—*normal*. Not a mass murderer like all those other bad papers were saying—*good-humored*. You know, like the ice cream. It was all "a media concoction," McVeigh chuckled, like his "alleged 'confession' in jail, reported last month by the *New York Times*," the piece went on.

Okay, say you're this kid's lawyer, and all day long you're thinking, *How the hell am I going to defend this little prick against all these goddamn dead baby photos these newsmagazines are printing? Wait, I know! I'll use these very same tactics to my client's advantage. I'll offer one of these bastard publications an "exclusive" interview, get them to run some silly-ass photos of the kid looking like Gomer Pyle on Excedrin, and—change his image!*

CAN'T YOU PICTURE IT? JUST imagine, for a second, Jimmy Stewart as the defense attorney hustling the

piece around, landing a cover story, perhaps some sort of photo approval (according to *Newsweek* itself, McVeigh requested that the photographer shoot "more relaxed shots" and warned, "Don't let any of the trashy magazines get these pictures").

You see, now, well, he's, defense attorney Stewart would argue, he's, he's a good boy. Comes from a good home. ("His family had a pool, a mecca for the kids on the block, and during the long winters there was a frozen pond down the road for ice hockey.")

"I like him! I like this George Bailey!" you hear yourself saying.

Yes, Timmy, image is, after all, everything. De-

spite the fact that Microsoft is launching a new operating system, Windows 95, on August 24 (coincidentally the eruption date of Mount Vesuvius in 79AD), *The Economist* still refers to Bill Gates—the world's richest man, according to *Forbes*—as a "geek with glasses."

And in an effort to show the world that *he* was no geek, that he had this

entertainment business nailed, Ovitz or no Ovitz, Edgar Bronfman, the *Los Angeles Times* reported, "recently viewed an early, longer version of the mega-budget film *Waterworld*."

Now, if you ask us, that's going a bit too far just to protect your image. But what do we know—we're just a trashy magazine. ☾



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Contributors

Greg Easley took time out from battling renegade weekend warriors to deconstruct the myth of Tina Brown's "new" *New Yorker* (p. 57). A faithful reader since his first year in college, he bemoans the loss of the magazine as a "showcase for idiosyncrasy," recalling those wonderful 50,000-word exegeses on seals and iron ore. An idiosyncratic writer himself, Easley hopes to find a market for his intellectual graduatesque profiles of obscure European shrinks and English department chairwomen. While not resting in his A-frame house deep in the woods of Charlottesville, Virginia, he spends time perfecting his craft in SoHo—his efforts punctuated, he says, by "the din of New Jersey Camaro horns outside my window."



Veteran traveler **Anne Kalosh** ("Goat's Head Snoops," p. 18) declares Miami "the most bizarre foreign country I have ever lived in." Though not, she says, a voodoo practitioner herself, Kalosh was on one occasion the beneficiary of cultic worship. Writing for a daily paper in Caracas, Venezuela, she arrived at work one day to find a picture of a local deity taped to her computer—a thoughtful donation from a coworker intended to ward off viruses. Born and raised in Illinois, Kalosh took to the

seas for five years aboard the *Royal Viking Sea*, publishing an on-board newspaper and, later, an exposé of life below deck for the *Los Angeles Times*.

"Does life imitate fashion or vice versa?" asks pop culture anti-icon and fabulous dresser **Sandra Bernhard** ("Another Fashion Victim," p. 64). It's not that she rejects fashion completely—she'll proudly display her designer Mizrahi—it's that she insists on pushing the bounds of self-contradiction. Her new album, "Excuses for Bad Behavior," is influenced by the likes of Laura Nyro, Sylvester, Patti Smith, and Jimi Hendrix.

T. K. Chang takes a look at the head-on crash of East-versus-West in "Chow Mein Attractions" (*NAKED CITY*, p. 17). Hobnobbing with Hollywood A-listers as a cover artist for the *Harvard Lampoon* may have prepared Chang for a stint as Dr. Ruth Westheimer's attorney. He even



got to appear with Dr. Ruth in an episode of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*—though he wouldn't elaborate, stammering only that he "performed services" for the diminutive doctor. A brush with royalty was dashed when Chang tried out for the role of emperor's brother in *The Last Emperor*: the real brother intervened, vetoing Chang due to insufficient resemblance. Mr. Chang provided this photo of movie emperor John Lone, and asked us to ask *you* to be the judge.



Bi-coastal celebrity buff and novelist **Jill Neimark** ("Sympathy for the Devil," p. 34) confesses a penchant for *People*, but when it comes to Marlon Brando, she may have some bad news for an adoring public: Brando is not, contrary to what the press would have us believe, "the Good Father." Neimark calls Brando a *sacre monstre*—a rare blend of Apollo and Dionysus—and says it's his mythic status that allows him to avoid harsh judgment.

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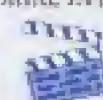
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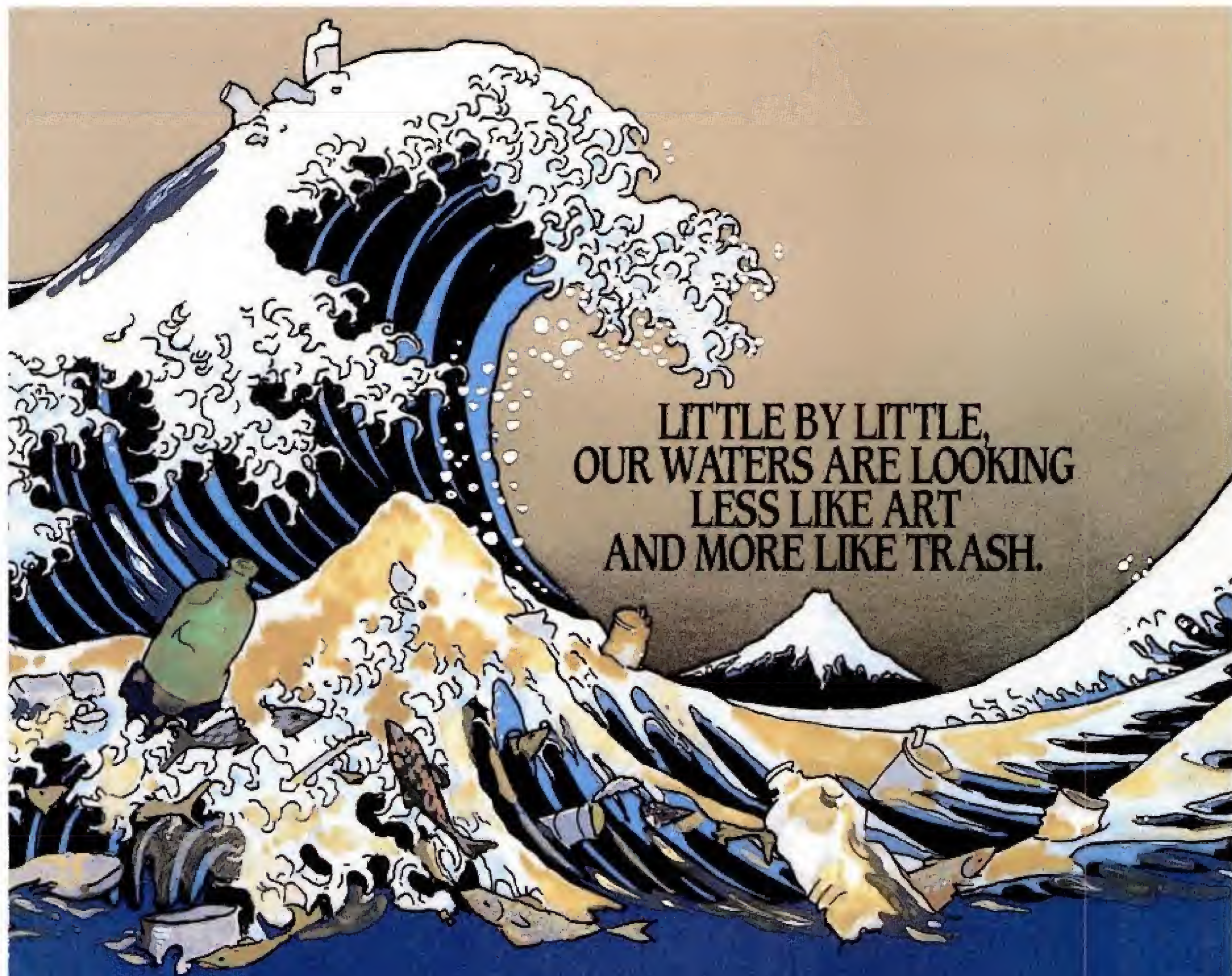
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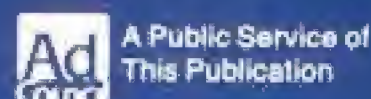
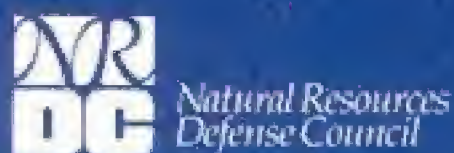
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the beauty to our water.

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WE CAN DO A LOT.**





From the SPY Mailroom

AFTER READING THE RATHER alarming preponderance of letters this month from readers who appear to be, for lack of a better phrase, one fork short of a place setting, we can only speculate on the reason why so many loonies wrote their rambling, psychotic dirges down, licked a Nixon stamp, and somehow found their way to a mailbox to send them in. Either it's the heat, or an awful lot of shrinks are vacationing just about now. I mean, we've never seen the word "jackbooted" used so many times in our lives! What the hell did Bush start with this thing, anyway?

Aside from the fact that John Shea, from some pitiful, depressed backwater called Lansdowne, PA, wrote a 300-word essay spanking us for using the word "bimbo" rather than the proper Italian "bimba" (see Letters), boy, did we get a batch of responses for our August cover story!

"I am utterly filled with glee after reading your article on the bimbos," writes Roger Dunlap (a pseudonym), from another pitiful, depressed backwater called West Los Angeles. Then, after hooking us with faint praise, he describes what it's like when he sees a bimbo "at the office, posing around the water cooler all dressed in low-cut, slinky evening wear strategically designed to show off her tight, low-slung, man-grabbin', seed-planting, firmly jiggling-under-barely-legal-fabric tits and ass."

Oookay. Also, Mr. Dunlap doesn't think about "her mind, heart, or college degree. I think about her sweet silky smooth bare legs wrapped around my glistening manness in the elevator." More than we need to know, Roger. And where exactly did you say you picked up our magazine?

Tits and Assets

Hats off to Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck for "The Bimbo Conspiracy" [July/August 1995]. I'm consistently stunned by how many women look to the images perpetrated on us by Hollywood for guidance on how to be a gal in this world. When I find myself in conversations about Demi Moore's "art," I, the writer and Ivy League grad, sputter and spin in circles. Now, thanks to Alex and Peter, I've got the words to express the horror, the horror of it all.

I keep hearing there are feminist men out there and now I believe it. This was the best right-on feminist article I've read in years. I'm sending it to Ms. Thanks, guys.

Janice L. Decker
San Francisco, California

Alex and Peter would love to respond, but their respective girlfriends don't let them talk to strange women. Sorry.

What a nice surprise to find a hilarious, cheeky article about *Playboy* in a real magazine that doesn't take *Entertainment Tonight's* "Oh! Look at the lucky girl who was chosen" perspective. Your bimbo typology was inspired, as were your points about the Playmates's take on feminism.

As a onetime hopeful model (I auditioned twice—once for a college model search and once for a "private on-location" on the invitation of *Playboy*), I discovered there is a whole psychological element that can explain why getting into *Playboy* is appealing to a 1990s woman, public figure or otherwise. It centers around the idea that we can play both sides of the fence—we can be bright, career-oriented and highly accomplished, and still be sensual and womanly. There is a perception that, if you can't overpower a man one way, you can get him in another. And make your gal pals reeeaaal jealous.

Elyse Glickman
Los Angeles, California

Hell Yes, We're Feminists!

Thank you so much for your scathing article about Hollywood bimbos. You echo the thoughts of ourselves and many of our women friends regarding the role of women in films, ads, and TV these sad days.

Virtually every magazine we thumb through contains women in various stages of nudity. It has become numbing; almost not even noticed anymore. And it's even more insidious when these women become successful through their exposure at the expense of women with more respect and dignity.

But to see bimbo-bashing headlining your magazine gives us hope! It will get more people talking. And enlighten those who may still think that that is the path to self-promotion. It will highlight the lowlights of women in the arts today. And especially, it may shut the "surgically enhanced" self-righteous Demi Moore up.

A. Kampic
Susan McNamara
Los Angeles, California

After ogling the pictures and reading the article "The Bimbo Conspiracy," it occurred to me that instead of exposing a long-standing scam, you helped to perpetuate one. The thrust of the article was that posing for *Playboy* is a shrewd, financially rewarding career move for an actress in these troubled times. Actually, the opposite is true.

Typically, a *Playboy* appearance does not lead to an acting career at all; or it leads to a short, minor one at best. Posing for *Playboy* may have its spiritual rewards, and I hear it's a terrific one-time modeling assignment, but as an entry to a film career, it's not promising.

Robert Kennedy
Washington, D.C.

I have nothing against satire, parody, and ridicule of those in exalted positions. But when you presume to ridicule people, be sure you're not making mistakes that undermine your own "superior" position.

SPY had an interesting idea in looking at the "top actresses who trade nudity for respectability," but you made an egregious error in diction. True, you're not the first to make the mistake, but one expects more from SPY. For the record, "bimbo" is the wrong word to describe these actresses—being the Italian word for a young *male* child. The correct word for Demi Moore, Sharon Stone, and the like is *bimba*.

Another appropriate word would have been—used to describe a looker like Sophia or Gina or Claudia—is *bambola*, which means "doll." To anyone with a basic knowledge of Italian (and other Romance languages), seeing "bimbo" misused throughout the article—AND on the cover AND in the table of contents—is a gut-wrenching experience.

There's a trace of cultural imperialism in the misuse of other languages, as if the Ugly American didn't have to care about such trivial matters. Witness the products that want to sound Italian but have grotesque names like Amore (pet food) and Volare (automobile). Besides the fact that there is no acute accent in Italian—*latté*, which you can see even on the streets of our supposedly cosmopolitan capital, is wrong—the accent mark changes the pronunciation of the word! Yes, these are stupid manufacturers and advertisers who couldn't be bothered to spend a couple of minutes to check the use of their language. But SPY, I would guess, likes to think of itself as superior to those stupid people.

So let's show the American people how to do it right. Be the first major publication to use *bimba*. You'll feel better at night when your conscience comes calling.

John Shea
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

Guess there's not much work in Lansdowne these days, is there, John?

Thank you for having the nerve to expose not only the women who willingly sell their bodies for a buck but the establishment that encourages it. I'm glad SPY has the good judgment never to exploit women, and know your fine publication would never place on its cover—oh, I don't know, Sharon Stone bending over for a nice cleavage shot; or a photo of a battered Nicole Eggert so we can all appreciate her cosmetically accentuated bosom; or depict: Hillary

Clinton as a leather-clad, bullwhip-sporting dominatrix with huge jugs; Julia Roberts as a busty party animal dropping a mickey into a world leader's cocktail; Daryl Hannah with her coat open and skirt partly unzipped; or a 50-foot-tall Geena Davis with, surprise!, huge breasts straining against her low-cut dress. Thank God SPY doesn't resort to that just to sell a few more magazines.

Gerry Schram
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Okay, Gerry—but what's your point?

Having been impotent since reading Brownmiller's "Against Our Will," (well, mostly), I have no particular need to ingratiate myself to Sharon Stone, but in light of the unflattering evaluations of her acting ability in your Stone/Bunny issue, I would like to point out that in Wes Craven's 1981 horror movie *Deadly Blessing*, which starred Ernest Borgnine as a crazed religious leader, Lois Nettleton as his odd wife, and Lisa Hartman as Borgnine's gender-confused offspring, Sharon Stone's performance as the heroine's cowardly-but-ultimately-strong friend steals the movie. So there.

Mark Warrian
Oak Lawn, Illinois

Okay, Mark—but what's your point?

Regarding your question: "Why has posing for *Playboy* become such a good Hollywood career move?" It didn't use to be. In the 1960s and '70s, playmate-turned-actresses typically got a handful of (topless) bit parts in movies like *Porky's 2* and then disappeared.

It's not that we suddenly decided that we prefer skin to talent. We've always wanted to see actresses's tits. What has changed—so that they now feel pressure to oblige us, and bimbos get multimillion-dollar leading-lady roles—is that very few of the scripts developed and promoted by the major studios require acting ability. As evidence, I submit that there have always been movies like *Sliver*, but that people didn't watch them because there were better things to do, and that the vast "family values" market has been reduced to watching cartoons.

Mark Hooker
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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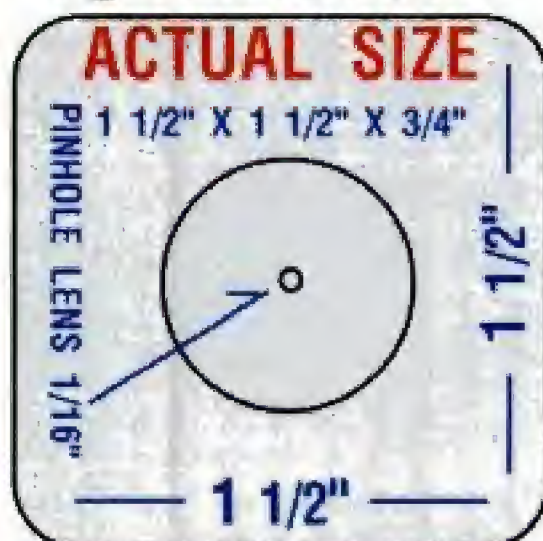
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Letters to Spy

Thanks for the great article on bim-bos, especially the photo "spread" that went along with it. However, you could have sold a few more copies if you had moved the photo of Demi Moore in the shower down about seven picas.

*Jonathan Lehrer
Chicago, Illinois*

Finally—a letter with a point!

Sure, If You're Into Numbers...

Jeez, can't you guys ever get ahead? *Advertising Age* magazine's June 19 "Ad Age 300" issue lists the top 300 magazines by gross revenue, and you guys can't even make the bottom of the barrel!

Sure, maybe *TV Guide* is a boring (yet darn handy) behemoth at over \$1 billion a year, followed closely by the truly banal yet evil *People* at \$762 million a year. But for chrissakes, can't you top *Air Conditioning, Heating & Refrigeration* (No. 286; \$15,151,000 a year) or even *Cruising World* (No. 296; \$14,567,000 a year)?

*Larry Le Francis
North Hollywood, California*

It's Not a Too-Mah!

I was chagrined to read your story, "Fecal Soup," in the August issue of *SPY*. However, I had decided never again to dine on poultry after I heard a strange story in Chicago last weekend.

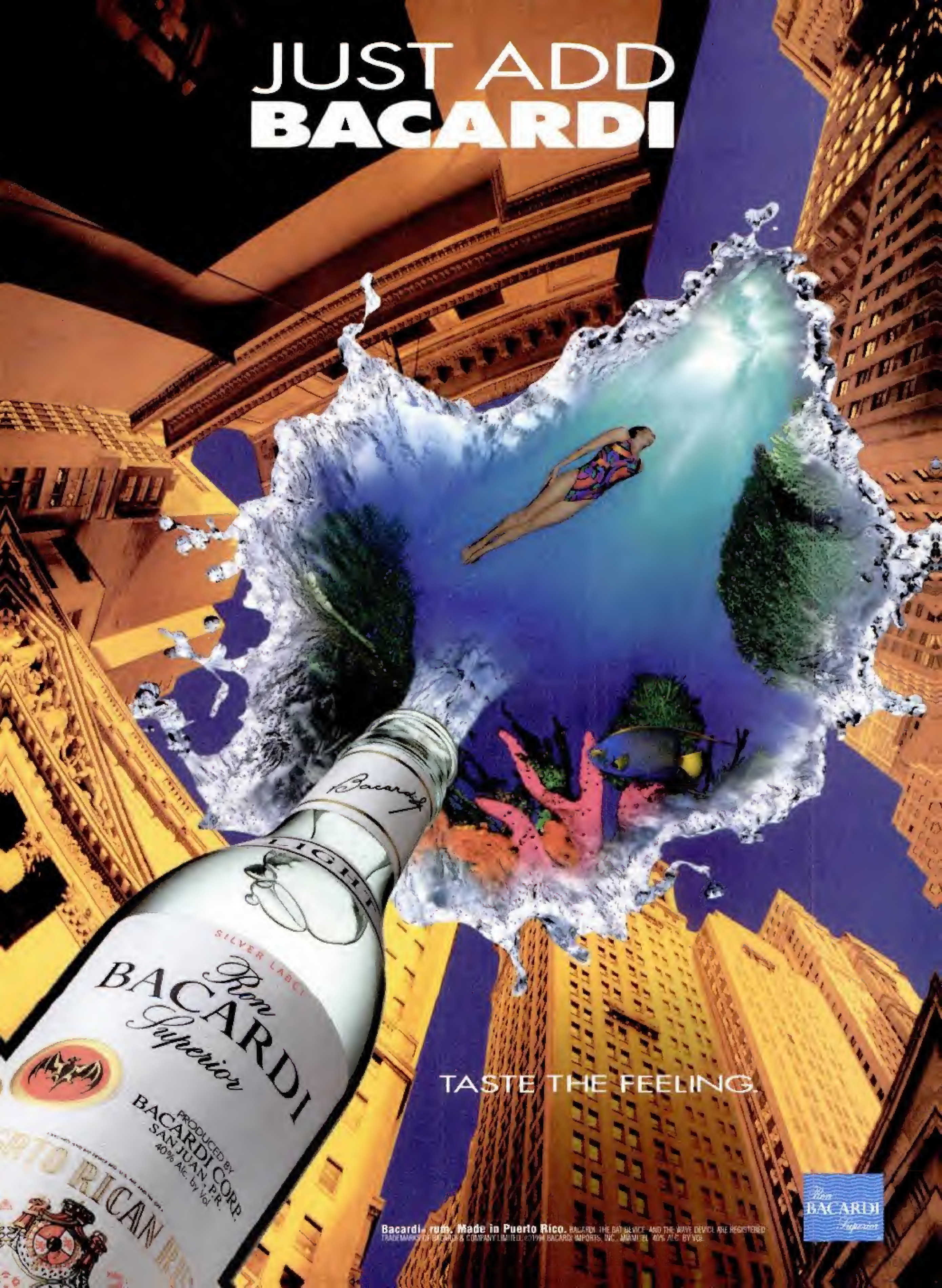
A young woman ordered a broiled chicken sandwich from a fast-food joint, sans the mayo. Driving along in her car, she took a bite out of the sandwich, only to discover that they had included the mayo after all. A dedicated dieter, she immediately threw the sandwich back in the bag and continued to drive.

Later that evening, she checked herself into a local hospital, violently ill with food poisoning. Examination of the broiler found that the chicken contained a tumor and that the substance she mistook for mayonnaise was actually pus from the tumor.

*Mliz1@aol.com
Cleveland, Ohio*

First of all, congratulations on the most disgusting letter of the month. But, come on! That's an urban legend if we ever heard one. Isn't it?

JUST ADD BACARDI



TASTE THE FEELING

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"DEAR VULTURES AT THE LOONY bin called SPY," began another. "If you think you can divide us womyn [sic] into 'good girl' and 'bad girl' with that deranged article by the two harpies Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck, in bad need of a Prozac [sic], then you are truly the bimbos you appear to be." The unsigned writer goes on to pooh-pooh our Kathie Lee penis envy theory, explaining that "if we were to envy anything that men have, it would not be something that resembles the neck of a dead chicken and that can be out-performed with a piece of plastic running on two 'AA' batteries."

There were more such letters, but we're too discreet to run them. And besides, that thing about our editor isn't true. He is not the policeman known throughout the department as "Nude Man," despite having the same name. In fact, he adheres very strongly to the rules of his parole.

FINALLY, THERE SEEMS TO BE some misconception that we are somehow responsible for clothing the raggedy lot of you. "Where's my free T-shirt, you bastards??!" a punctuation-happy Vance Hernandez of Fresno, California, discreetly asks. "I filled out your God-forsaken survey with the understanding that I would receive a free T-shirt for my efforts. I fear I've been hoodwinked!"

Where, we ask you, where did you ever get the idea that a cheap, smelly publication such as ours had the dough to put shirts on all your backs? And the same goes for all you who think that, just because you answer the stupid SPY List, you deserve something from us. Get this straight! We don't owe you anything! Only the first person to correctly answer the List gets a shirt, and then only if we feel like it! Okay? After all, we spend enough money keeping the bambolas in the office dressed in slinky, low-cut outfits that help satisfy the needs of our glistening manhoods. ☹

What's That Frequency, Again?

Given the credence you give to the viability of the various weapons you talk about in your article "Killing Them Softly," I'm surprised at the problem you seem to have with "nonlethal" weapons. Given the missions that we send our troops on nowadays, it would be nice to give them weapons that we would allow them to shoot back with.

If you are going to mock them, you should at least understand them. Contrary to what you state, an electromagnetic pulse has little, if any, direct effect on humans, though it is devastating to electronic devices. The "kills people but leaves real estate standing" effect of a "neutron bomb" is caused by subatomic particles quite distinct in nature from the nonparticulate energy waves of EMP.

James H. Hay
San Diego, California

*By any chance, is your letter in some kind of code?
Just asking.*

Thanks for a good article on the Pentagon's new generation of "nonlethal" killing devices. Your writer underestimates the disaster potential of the HAARP project, however. HAARP is not an electronic warfare system to be "snapped into a jet." It is a 160-square-mile complex of electronic transmitters currently under construction at an Air Force facility in Alaska. Powered by huge natural-gas deposits owned by ARCO, HAARP will soon be beaming one gigawatt of electronic power into the Earth's ionosphere.

According to Defense Department documents, HAARP will "control ionospheric processes" for military objectives—burning holes in the ozone layer to disrupt communications, destroy enemy missiles, change the weather, and X-ray the Northern Hemisphere for hidden tunnels! Needless to say, HAARP also violates our international treaty obligations under the 1977 Environmental Modification Convention, ratified in 1979.

Alex Cox
Ashland, Oregon

To find out more about these hidden tunnels, Alex goes on to provide SPY readers with an address where they can write "for more information." Just because it happens to be a post-office box in a place called Homer, Arkansas, shouldn't make any difference.

Other Voices, Other Letters

I have discovered what appears to be a conspiracy right in the middle of the Letters to SPY section! On page 8 of your August issue, among the brief bios of contributing writers, one finds a Dennis Purcell, "an angry—and decidedly Californian—man." Later, on page 10, SPY prints a letter from an angry and decidedly Californian man named...Dennis Purcell, from Los Angeles!

The fact that said missive was printed under the headline "Conspiracy Madness!" indicates to me that Mr. Purcell is but the mere nubbin of a decidedly nefarious iceberg undermining the veracity of the whole Letters to SPY concept.

Are my fears justified, or am I overreacting to a simple *coincidens praeternaturalis*?

Lil Kitty
Los Angeles, California

First, some positive comments: Thank you for getting rid of bilious hack Joe Queenan; thank you for keeping "The Industry" column; and thank you for turning your satirical sights on liberals, making hollow the bias complaints from the right.

However, your old column reviewing reviewers made one feel less contempt for journalists who split infinitives than for analytically retentive writers who document those split infinitives back to 1979. Similarly, one feels much, much less contempt for John Grisham for writing about breasts in *The Firm* than one feels for any writer who can produce vaguely similar passages from such magazines as *Gent* or *Juggs* ["The Pelican Panties," NAKED CITY].

Besides, there must be some legitimate barbs you can aim at Grisham, now that you don't have Jay McInerney to kick around anymore (at least until Jay's new novel comes out; no doubt it will be the literary masterpiece that will resurrect his career).

Shawn McCormick
Nashville, Tennessee

SPY welcomes letters from its readers, but only if you are not certifiably insane and can provide adequate paperwork to prove so. Address them to the Letters Editor, SPY, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, NY 10010 (or via E-mail at SpyMagaz@aol.com). Include your daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. ☹

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BLANK CHECK	1377001
THE JUNGLE BOOK (1994 - LIVE ACTION)	1374701
THE DARK CRYSTAL	1376300
HOCUS POCUS	1377100
THE THREE MUSKETEERS (1994)	1376706
HOMeward BOUND	1377209
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EXIT TO EDEN	1348804
I LIKE IT LIKE THAT	1359207

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MIGHTY DUCKS	1248004
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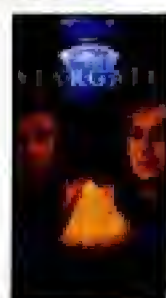
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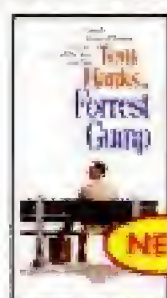
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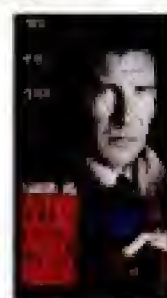
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NORTH	1319607
PREHYSTERIA 2	1302009
PRINCESS CARABOO	1340306
RED ROCK WEST	1346006
RENAISSANCE MAN	1328707
THE SCOUT	1335504
THE SHADOW	1297001
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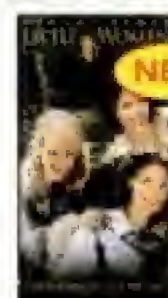
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THE FINE PRINT

BY MICHAEL APPLEBAUM

Puff and Circumstance

Thank goodness our venerable academic institutions continue to turn a deaf ear to the culture of celebrity. Among the distinguished citizens who have given a commencement address recently are Bob Newhart (Loyola Marymount); Lynn Redgrave (Baruch College); Neil Diamond (New York University); Mister Rogers (West Virginia University); James Garner (University of Oklahoma); and Whoopi Goldberg (Wilmington College). If you're wondering whether these people *know* they have no business giving commencement addresses, consider the following excerpts from 1995:

I. Henry Winkler, Emerson College

I was cruising along [at Emerson] until my junior year. I had forgotten to memorize a scene for acting class. I approached my teacher. I said, "I'm gonna try something brand new. I'm gonna read and act at the same time." The teacher said, "Not in my class you're not." I was kicked out of acting. I had to do a lot of fast talking. I finally got back in. And then, of course, I forgot to take phys ed and nearly didn't graduate—but I did.

In my senior year I applied to the Yale School of Drama. [W]hile I was working on a sociology paper...I got the phone call that I got in. And I threw the windows open, and I yelled out to Boston, "I GOT INTO YALE! HOW COULD I DO THAT? I'M STUPID...."

I ran down to the Student Union. I told everybody I could find, "I got into Yale!" I went back to



Patricia Arquette at a press luncheon, he can forget it."

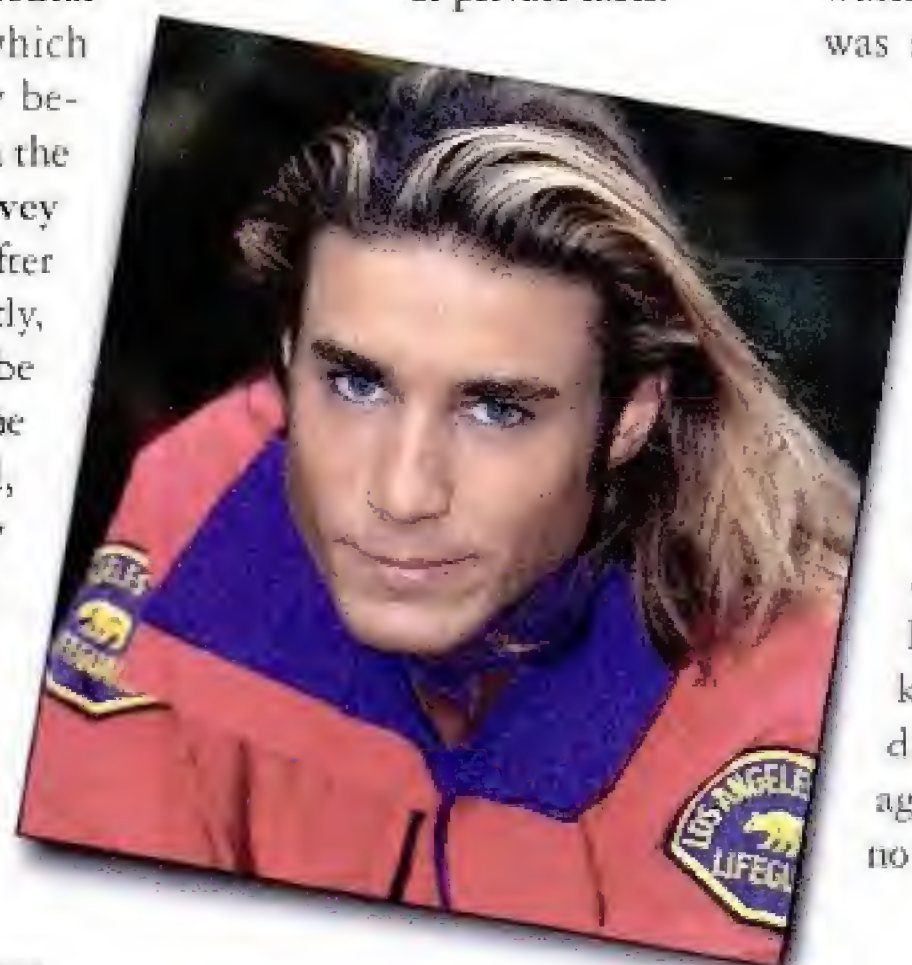
Miramax, the much-publicized and overrated film company, has become the official scapegoat of Cannes and its annual ego-fest for, among other things, having bought the rights to no fewer than 40 films. During one particular screening—for a film which Miramax purchased simply because it wanted to work with the director—head honcho Harvey Weinstein got up and left after about half an hour. Apparently, the only entertainment to be found that evening was in the lobby before the film started, when one particularly pushy publicist got rather incensed that he was refused a ticket. "You tell Harvey," the publicist shouted to a nearby acquisitions person, "the next time he wants

naked city

The Usual Suspects

John Travolta is currently suing the promoters of the rock group Extra Fancy for the image on the cover of their recent record. The nude illustration of a staggeringly well-endowed Travolta in his trademark *Saturday Night Fever* pose, according to the suit, has caused the star to suffer "shame, mortification, hurt feelings, [and] emotional distress," as well as damages to his "reputation and standing in the community."

But in a town where image is everything, Travolta's attorneys were careful to point out that, while the illustration was "lewd and outrageous," it was *not* necessarily an exaggeration of the star's manhood; rather, the torpedo-like appendage was "an apparent public disclosure of private facts."



Newly acquired *Baywatch* hunk Jaason Simmons barely escaped full-frontal nudity recently in the September issue of *Playgirl*. Originally scheduled to appear in July, Simmons had a bone to pick with the editors when it came time to select the photos—particularly the naked ones. And for good reason: He never intended to get naked at the shoot. As an insider reports, Simmons was charmed into stripping down by the photographer, a "friend" of Simmons, who offered the bronzed thespian a few drinks to help loosen his inhibition—and then his button fly—while he cajoled, "Oh, come on, do it for me."

Apparently, 15 minutes of fame doesn't last as long as it used to. Former TV waitress Linda Lavin was spotted recently,

roaming the streets of the Upper West Side of Manhattan in dramatic "I'm-a-celebrity-look-at-me" fashion. When no one approached her, she sulked her way into a grocery store where one resident engaged her in a bit of chitchat. Lavin was apparently so thrilled that somebody knew who she was that she didn't mind asking, "Have I aged that much since *Alice* that no one recognizes me?"

ries....I resisted [media inquiries] in ways that may have raised more questions than they answered."

Sub Titles

Chow Mein Attractions

What happens when Yankee movies crash the Forbidden City

An action movie is an action movie is an action movie, right? So why clutter them up with silly, confusing titles? Come to think of it, if it works for Schwarzenegger and Stallone, why not jazz up *every* movie title that comes out of the Hollywood factory? In the East, where simple is always preferable, the Chinese have a way of renaming American films that seems somehow more appropriate to their content. The following is a list of actual movie titles translated from the Chinese. —T.K. Chang

THE FILMS

TRANSLATION

Arnold Schwarzenegger:

The Terminator

"Devil Terminator"

Total Recall

"Devil Mobilized"

Kindergarten Cop

"Devil King of Children"

Junior

"Devil Jr."

Red Sonja

"Devil Red Star"

True Lies

"Devil Emperor True Lies"

Sylvester Stallone:

The Specialist

"Devil Expert"

Cliffhanger

"Peak Warrior"

Demolition Man

"Super Warrior Police"

Judge Dredd

"Super Warrior Police of All Times"

Keanu Reeves:

Speed

"Defender Warrior Police"

Johnny Mnemonic

"Defender Top Secret"

Steven Seagal:

Under Siege

"Devil Warrior General"

On Deadly Ground

"Dead End Warrior General"

Bruce Willis:

Die Hard

"Last Police Detective"

Hudson Hawk

"Last Divine Eagle"

The Last Boy Scout

"Last Point Soldier"

Demi Moore:

Indecent Proposal

"Peach Colored Transaction"

Disclosure

"Peach Colored Top Secret"

Various:

The Piano

"The Piano Teacher and Her Lover"

Like Water for Chocolate

"Chocolate Lover"

Belle Epoque

"Four Daughters's Lover"

Jefferson In Paris

"President's Secret Lover"

The Shawshank

"Excitement 1995"

Redemption



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

my apartment. It cost me \$25.95 to get back in—I had locked myself out and had to call a locksmith.

II. Andrew Shue, Drew University

In 1989, I was asked to speak in my hometown at South Orange Middle School graduation....

[T]here I was, just out of college with two days to write a speech, to find something worthwhile to say...I thought about my qualifications. Let's see: I made it through high school and college—not a promising list. In fact, that was the whole list....

I was afraid not because there were a thousand people in the auditorium, but because I thought I would be judged—judged to be unworthy. If only I could be well known, like my sister, I thought, then I would be worthy. Then I would be important and people would listen....

What makes any of us worthy of being heard is that we have something to say, and that we find the courage to say it...I am not suggesting that to stand up means to try to change the world through social activism, although that could indeed be part of it. It is for each of us in our own way to figure out how to make our lives stand on their own. It is one of the greatest challenges we face, and it is never easy.

III. Michael Bolton, University of Connecticut

I might have expected the energy here today after the energy we witnessed from the University, as the UConn Huskies—both teams—rocked this whole nation! If the determination and support for each other we all saw on and off the court is indicative of the stuff that this class is made of, well, then this is

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

a class with a very promising future....

When you know what you want to do in life, what your calling/your natural talent is, then you pursue that arena. The successful people that I know and surround myself with approach our work as if we are performing in the championships, the Super Bowl, the World Series, or, if you will, the Final Four....

When it comes to achieving success, I advise you to do the same, because time is something that I promise, that will slip away more quickly with each passing year... Will you look back and perceive yourself as one who played the game as though it was just another game—or will you look back and say, I gave 100 percent; I gave it my all?

I like to use sports as a metaphor. Let's use, say, basketball as an example—perfect for the incredible achievement of the teams of this University. It happened right here!

I happen, by the way, to take great personal pride in the fact that never, ever before in the history of college sports have the women's and the men's basketball squads in any school both achieved number one status at the same time. You did—on Valentine's Day! I happen to sell a lot of records on Valentine's Day. How about those Huskies, anyway?

IV. Mario Andretti, New England Institute of Technology

When I was asked to be your keynote speaker, I felt both honor and trepidation...because I realize that among the many individuals that may have been invited—perhaps someone distinguished in government, academics, or business—you chose

Voodoo Patrol Goat's Head Snoops

Forget high-priced attorneys. Many Miamians believe the best way to grease the wheels of justice is by hiring a Santeria priest. They're a lot cheaper and they work the night shift—when their acolytes drive by the Dade County courthouse to toss dead chickens, roosters, and the occasional goat on the steps. For the devout voodoo practitioner, these sacrifices are a way of appealing to the spirits to protect loved ones on trial.

Courthouse voodoo is a tradition in Dade, home to many Caribbean and South American immigrants. Finding poultry, dried beans, cakes, lizards, and other remnants of black magic is so common that the morning janitorial crew's checklist includes this item: "Report any voodoo objects that need to be removed."

For attorney Louis Casuso, coping with voodoo is just part of doing business in south Florida. A few years ago, while working as a prosecutor in a cocaine trafficking case, he returned from a recess to find his chair sprinkled with white powder.

"Somebody said it was Santeria powder," Casuso recalls. "We were laughing about it—but all of a sudden I got a nosebleed. I spent closing arguments with a roll of toilet paper up my nose, trying to stem the flow."

Seasoned attorneys will tell you they've seen it all, but even Casuso was a bit startled to run across a goat's

head on the steps of the North Dade Justice Center. "All they do there is traffic cases," he says. "It must have been a very heavy traffic case."

Courthouse building manager Elizabeth Timpson has also seen plenty of voodoo in her day. As she understands it, here's a guide to getting justice, Miami style:

- Cakes or candy will sweeten the judge and reduce the bond.
- Throwing eggs makes a case collapse.
- Sprinkling Santeria powder—a secret blend of ashes and ground twigs—liberally on the judge's bench and the prosecutor's chair brings the defendant good luck.
- If a case gets bogged down, corn kernels or dried beans can speed it up.
- To muzzle a stool pigeon, bind the mouth of a lizard with twine or sew its lips together, and deposit it in the courtroom.

When a story about the voodoo squad broke in the *Miami Herald*, Timpson was barraged with interview requests from as far away as South Africa. But she got only two calls from the Miami media. "Things of this nature are not considered that odd here," she says.

—Anne Kalosh



Tasteless Trends, Part I American Cheese

Power, passion, and pancakes in the Motor City

In the days when the auto industry dominated America, the Motor City's wheelers and dealers cut contracts over cigarettes, martinis, and steaks in such venerable spots as the historic Little Harry's restaurant. But just like their vehicles—smaller, safer, and more efficient for the '90s—the rage today in Detroit is power breakfasts.

And now passion has joined the pancake arena. In a Rust Belt version of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, Detroit attorney Sharon McPhail, a household name since her strong bid for the mayor's office in 1993, has found romance amidst the raisin bran. During what was billed as the city's "wedding of the year," 1,800 guests were invited

(President Clinton was a no-show) to look on as McPhail and influential Detroit Schools Superintendent David Snead giddily tied the knot; another 3,000 close friends were invited to the reception.

Where did this torrid romance blossom? At Detroit's hottest venue for power breakfast buffs: the International House of Pancakes.



But this is no ordinary IHOP: The diner is owned by singer Anita Baker's husband, Walter Bridgforth Jr. And, ironically, it sits upon the same plot of land that Little Harry's once called home—that is, until contractors razed the 143-year-old mansion to make way for the pancake house.

The discovery of love by McPhail, a woman so unlucky in affairs of the heart that she once described her-

self as a "bum magnet," was immortalized by a local cable television program titled "McPhail-Snead Rhythm of Love: From IHOP to the Altar." It has also boosted the IHOP's business 200 percent, Bridgforth says, turning the pancake house into the place where bride wannabes are stopping in the name of love. —Mary Dempsey

Impossible Themes

Play That Funky Music, White Boy

Gee, Wally, the "Letterman" band sure knows how to get down!

Any late-night talk-show host would be remiss in his duties if he didn't try to make guests feel right at home on the show. As such, one of the primary functions of the house band is to help make visiting celebrities feel more comfortable by playing a friendly, identifiable theme, as though they were working in more familiar surroundings.

When the star of *Home Improvement*, Tim Allen, was a guest on *The Late Show With David Letterman* last May, for example, Paul Shaffer and the CBS Orchestra played "Handy Man." But what if your guest doesn't have a hit TV show

or an easily identifiable theme song? What if he or she just happens to be a famous African-American? Hey, just play something *black*, man! That's what Shaffer and Co. do!

Was that Sly and the Family Stone's "You Can Make It If You Try" we heard when Samuel L. Jackson appeared on the show recently? *Right on!* On May 1, Mario Van Peebles was greeted by Stevie Wonder's "Higher Ground." *My brutba!* Two days later, the comedian Sinbad was a guest, and Paul faded to commercial after the first segment with Kool & The Gang's "Hollywood Swinging"; after the second, it was with Parliament's "Tear the Roof off the Sucker (We Want the Funk)."

On June 15, the band had a special treat—*two* African-

American guests! Bill Cosby came out to the familiar "You Can Make It If You Try," and Houston Rockets forward Robert Horry to Herbie Hancock's "Rock It." No word yet on the rumor that Shaffer's instructions to the band for Arnold Schwarzenegger's next visit is to play "anything by Wagner." —*Lance Gould*



me, someone who's lived his life chasing a checkered flag....I tried to think about what would be on my mind if I were in your shoes [today]...Deep down I would probably know I was going to screw up a little bit. But [I'd be] serene that if I worked real hard—or secure that if I worked real hard—my work ethic would overcome my mistakes....

I know that I would take some time to reflect, to think back to the times I had doubts as to whether or not I had the stuff to make it through college—the long hours of study, the grueling exams....

Commencement speeches are supposed to provide a meaningful message. I'm not a professional speaker. My experience with speaking in front of a group was mastered to a show-and-tell some 45 years ago. That was a time set aside for bringing stuff from home to show to the class....

A college education is the one thing in my life that I've left unfulfilled. Despite all the victorious moments, I know that I have not reached my fullest intellectual and leadership potential. Had I gone to college, I believe I would have been able to think more strategically....

Remember that education is a tool. It helps you get—it helps to get you where you want to go, and allows you to achieve things that might otherwise be out of reach...Remember too that education is ongoing; it comes in all forms, in many ways, and virtually at all times....

As I was preparing for today, I looked up the word "commencement"...I found that [it] means "a beginning." Last October ninth was my commencement. That was the date of my final race...So I know what you're feeling today. ☺

Dirty Words That Aren't Dirty

—By T.S. Burroughs

Active Box: Available collateral for loans.

Air Screw: An aircraft propeller.

American Whipping: A knot at the end of a rope that insures that the ends don't fray.

Anal Feeder: A sensory appendage located in the posterior of worms and some insects.

Asses Bridge: The equal angles formed by the base of an isoscles triangle.

Ball Hooter: A person who rolls logs down a hill.

Balling Forceps: Special tongs for placing pills down an animal's throat.

Borking: To investigate and denounce a candidate, à la Robert Bork.

Bung Puller: A meat packing job that involves pulling the skin or bung off of intestines to be used later for sausage casing.

Chicken Sexer: Person that goes around determining the gender of newborn chicks.

Drop-Crotching: Taking down a tree's large branches.

Erection Wrench: An open-jawed wrench with a tapered handle.

False Cleavage: Close parallel splits that occur in fine-grained rocks.

Flower-Pecker: A short-tailed bird that eats mistletoe berries and insects.

Groining: Where intersecting vaults form a curved line.

Motherumbung: An Australian shrub.

Nude Pack: A financial agreement that can't be enforced.

Old Maid's Pink: An annual herb whose fruit resembles crab apples.

Ream-Pig: A jar for holding cream.

Stud Finder: A magnetic device that locates the nails in wall studs.

Separated at Birth?



Barry Diller...



...and King Kong?



Patricia Arquette...



...and Macaulay Culkin?



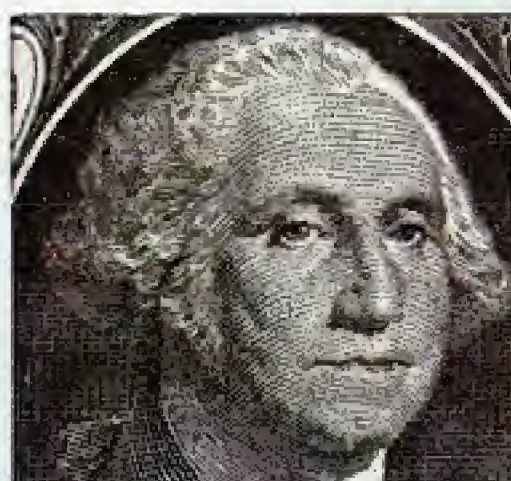
Luke Perry...



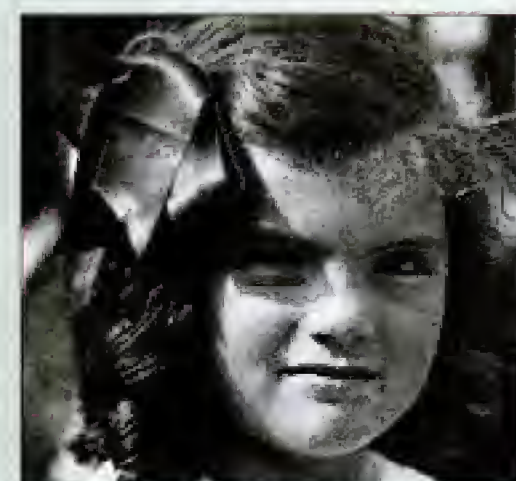
...and Roy Rogers?



Drew Barrymore...



...and George Washington?



Young Jacqueline Bouvier
Kennedy Onassis...



...and an Oompa-Loompa?

Joy Rides

Paradise By the Traffic Light

For those "special" moments when you don't have the composure—or the cash—for a hotel room, do what many New Yorkers do: hail a cab. When SPY asked several of New York's venerable cab drivers whether they take couples where they *really* want to go, we found their answers to be rather, well, poetic. —Christina Lanzito

Kwasi, of West Africa

"Oh, we see that all the time. They don't ask, though. They just do it. Men and women. Men and men. You know...gay."

Charandeep, of India

"One guy said, 'Just keep going.' I said, 'How long will it take?' He said, 'Less than an hour. What about \$80?' I said, 'Okay.'"

I was looking, not continuously. They made all kinds of noises. After that, I didn't work anymore that night. I just went straight to home."

Samir, of the Middle East

"If they ask, I say no. If they don't ask, I don't care. You know why? Because I'm human."

Luis, of the Dominican Republic

"I got two guys on Friday. They said, 'Do you mind if we...you know?' I said, 'That's for private, not my cab.' Then they fought with each other all the way from 14th Street to 54th."

Abid, of Pakistan

"Two women started kissing. I said, 'What are you doing?' She said, 'We are married together.' I said, 'Oh, my God!'"

Jerry, of New York City

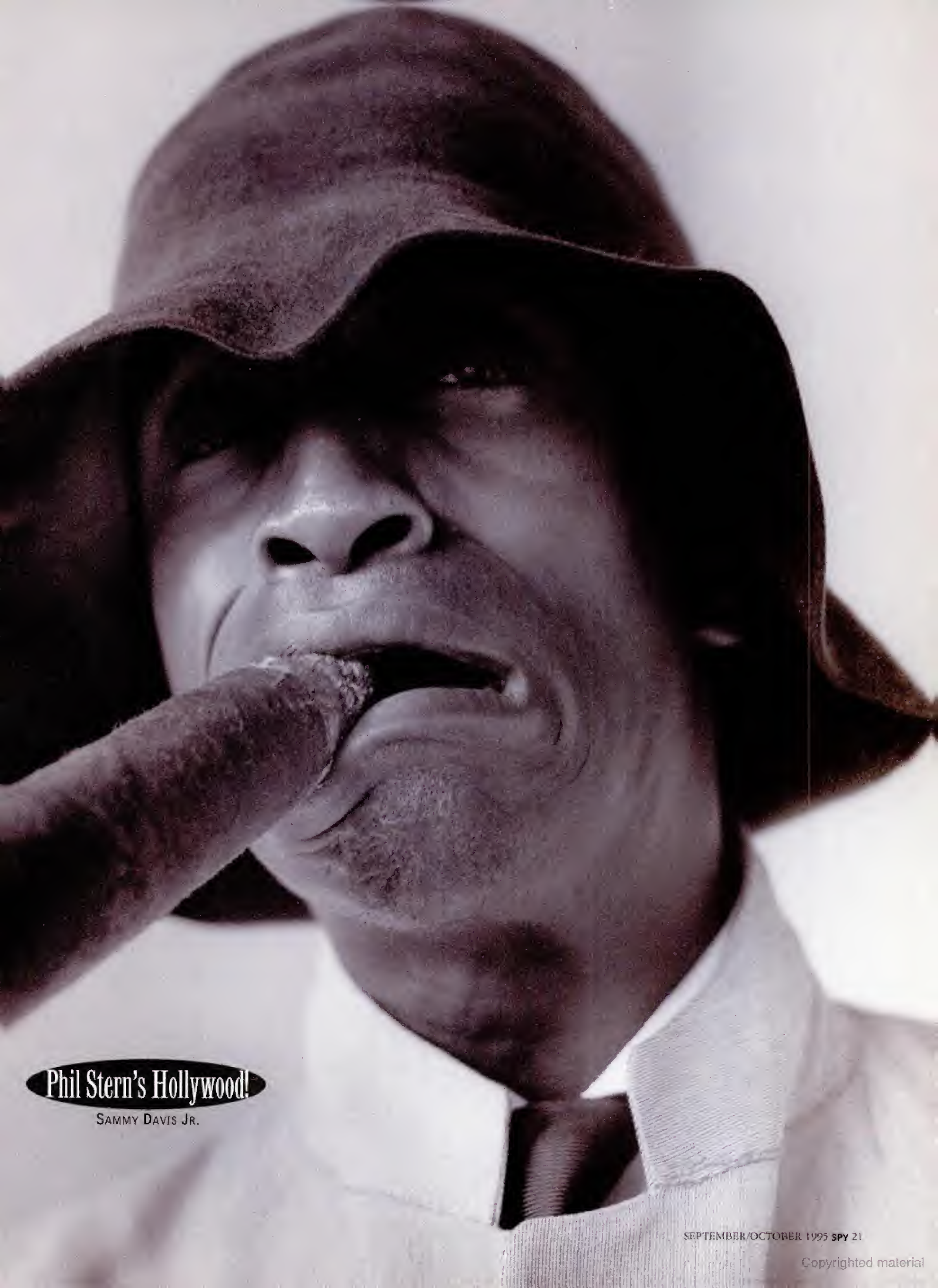
"Sure, couples ask if they can fool around. I say, 'Okay, for \$45.' I drive around. Sometimes I ask, 'Everything okay back there?'"

Abm, of Bangladesh

"Once, I was working early in the morning. The man said, 'Go ahead!' I said, 'Where you go?' He told me address uptown where there is no street even. I feel that they make sex. Or something like that. It isn't hygienic for passengers."

Kwabema, of Ghana

"It happens. But I don't look. I concentrate on driving. There's a lot of, you know...sucking."



Phil Stern's Hollywood!

SAMMY DAVIS JR.

Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits, ©1995 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.



How refreshingly distinctive.

"Mr. Jenkins has decided there aren't enough Tanqueray cocktails on the planet to inspire him to purchase any of these creations here tonight."



Tasteless Trends, Part II

King Arthur Schlepped Here

Why bother with Disney when you can have Weeki Wachee Spring?

Whenver they're in Central Florida, winning athletes and Hollywood stars head for the high-tech glitz of Walt Disney World. That's okay for them, but what about the rest of us? Where are ordinary, bargain-hunting, thrill-seeking Americans going to go after...well, after nothing. Not to worry: There are plenty of less expensive attractions nearby that better embody our country's twin traditions of tastelessness and tackiness. —Larry Wallberg

•**SUNKEN GARDENS** in St. Petersburg greets visitors with an entryway that winds them through the universe's largest assortment of souvenir junk. A formidable botanical collection is supplemented by a performing parrot show; a micro-zoo where birds and small creatures are kept in cages glorified by the misspellings of their names; and the smell of kerosene burners occasionally overpowering the lush aroma of the flowers. Best of all is an indoor grotto featuring the "King of Kings," described as "the story of Christ told in life-sized wax."

•Located between Orlando and Kissimmee, **GATORLAND** boasts a 2,000-foot boardwalk. Guests can meander through a reptile-infested swamp, or just relax while watching alligator wrestling and the Gator Jumparoo. The boutique offers various and sundry alligator products, and the restaurant

offers delicious samples of cousins of the park's reptilian stars.

•Only 45 minutes north of Tampa, **WEEKI WACHEE SPRING**—site of the 1949 Esther Williams flick *Neptune's Daughter*—is the perfect location for an original underwater performance of "Pocahontas and the Little Mermaid."

•At **MEDIEVAL TIMES IN KISSIMMEE**, you can attend a banquet and jousting tournament at the same time. From the moment you enter the castle, get handed a paper crown, and have your picture taken, to the time you spend sitting at long tables surrounding a sand-covered arena, rooting for your favorite knights as they engage in swordplay, you'll positively *swear* you were transported back a thousand years.

•The **KLASSIX AUTO MUSEUM** exhibits every Corvette model built from 1953 to the present. Located in the birthplace of speed, Daytona Beach, The Klassix also has displays of motorcycles "from the early 1900s to the Harley years and beyond." Many of them are nestled in mannequin-manned ersatz versions of their natural habitats: Main Street, a drive-in movie theater, a 1950s-style ice cream parlor, and the world's most famous beach.

•**SPLENDID CHINA**, Orlando's newest theme park, is 76 acres of propaganda,



including a half-mile replica of the Great Wall "constructed with over six-and-a-half million tiny hand-laid bricks." Forget about stereotypes; here you can revel in the real high points of Chinese civilization: costumed dancing, martial arts demonstrations, and, naturally, giant electronic pandas.



Sibling Ribaldry

Well, It's Better Than Dry-Humping Your Mother

Phil Gramm may not be the luckiest man on Capitol Hill—stories about his interest in "Truck Stop Women," for example, came on the heels of his declaration of support for the Contract With the American Family—but he isn't the smartest, either. When speaking to the media, perhaps he should consider using another—or *any other*—metaphor.

•"Senator Dole has talked...about a small, kiss-your-sister tax cut....I've never had a sister, so I don't know what kissing my sister would be like. People tell me it's not very exciting. I want the real thing." —speaking on *This Week With David Brinkley*, May 21, 1995

•"If the best we go is a kiss-your-sister difference that has government power expanded slower [*sic*], that gets to the station a couple of weeks later, I simply do not believe

we are representing the will of the people who call themselves Republican." —on Bill Clinton's health-care proposal, the *Houston Chronicle*, February 12, 1994

•"Sen. Phil Gramm, who has led congressional efforts in the past to impose spending discipline on the government, called the Foley proposal [to cut spending] 'kissing your sister'—[i.e.,] meaningless." —in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, December 6, 1992

•"It is kind of kissing-your-sister resolution [*sic*]." —on the Democrats's "Peace Dividend" proposal, March 6, 1990

•"Mr. Gramm, who praised Mr. Sasser for acknowledging the need to balance the budget, declared that he had no trouble voting for the Democratic measure, because it was 'kind of like kissing your sister.'" —on the Democrat's balanced budget proposal, the *New York Times*, March 1, 1990

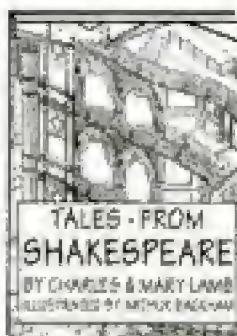
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BUCK! BUCK!



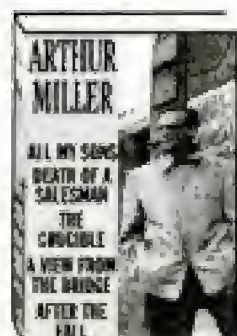
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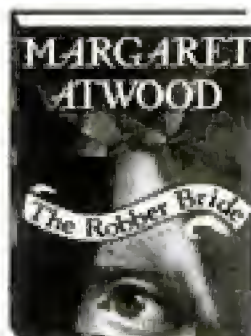
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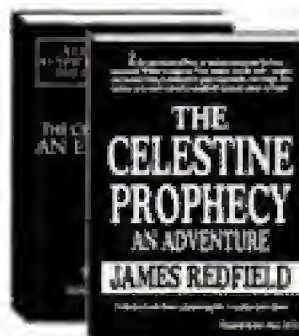
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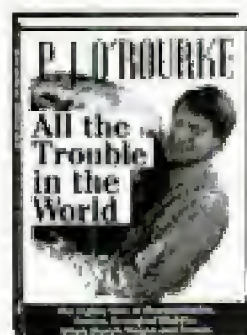
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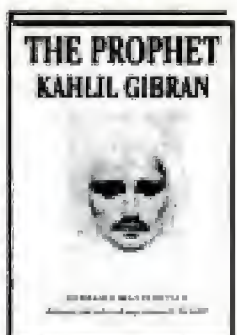
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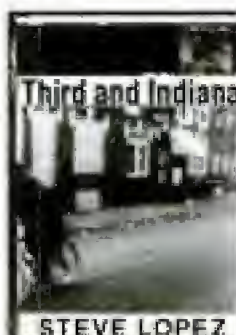
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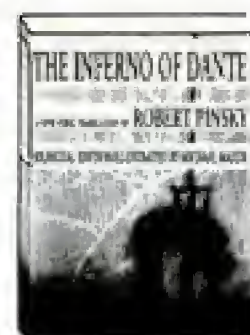
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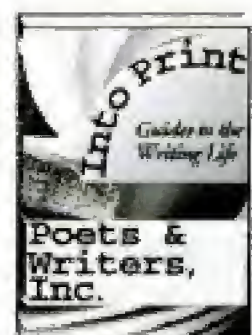
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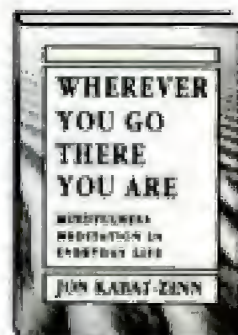
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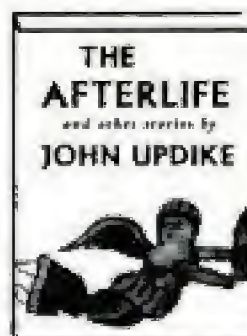
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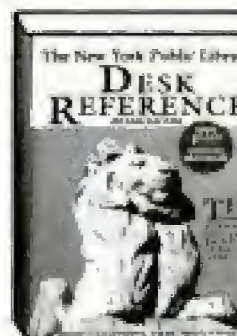
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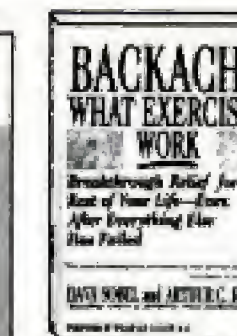
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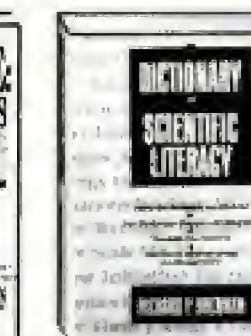
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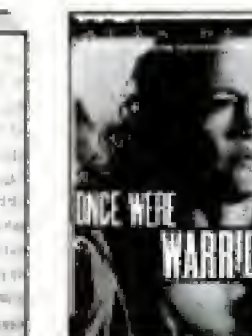
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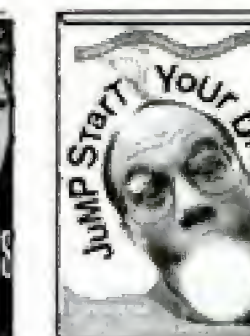
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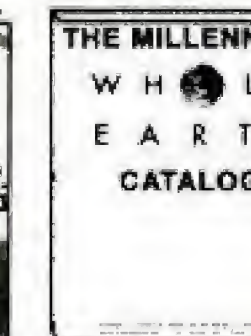
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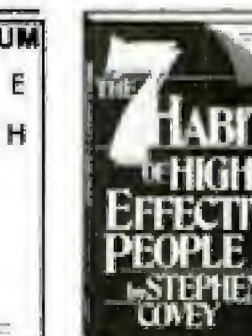
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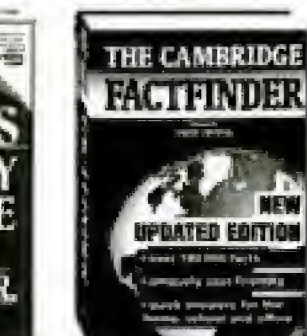
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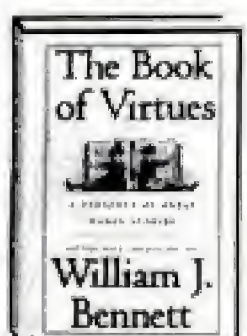
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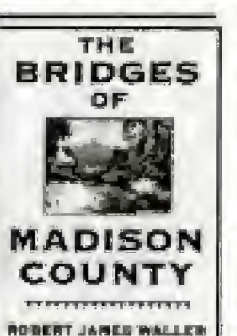
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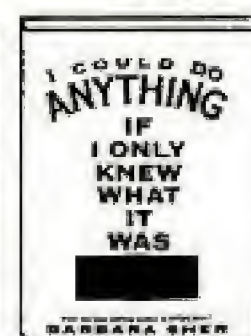
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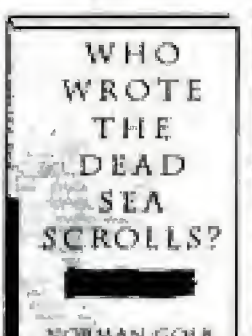
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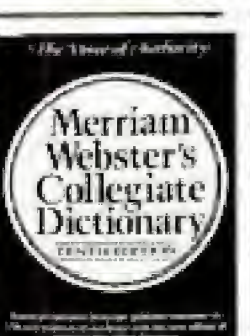
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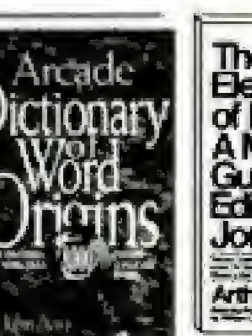
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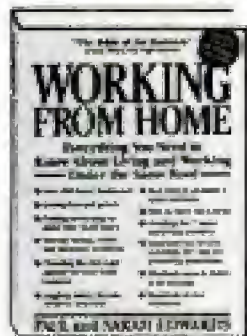
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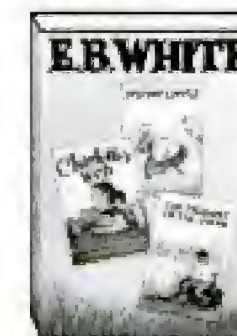
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"HOW TO SUCCEED IN SHOW BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING"

YOUNG MIKE, WHO WANTS TO BE A DOCTOR, ATTENDS HIGH SCHOOL WITH MIKE MILKEN AND SALLY FIELD.

BUT DOCTOR MIKE...

WHY ARE ALL THESE GUYS IN HERE?

QUIET, TOOTS...

IT'S CALLED AN "OPERATING THEATER!"

MICHAEL DOUGAN

BUT HIS JOB AS A TOUR GUIDE AT UNIVERSAL STUDIOS CHANGES EVERYTHING.

THIS IS WHERE I BELONG!

NEXT STOP: THE MAIL ROOM AT THE WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY.

THE BIG BREAK: MIKE FILLS IN FOR AN AILING ASSISTANT.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!

WOW! A LETTER FOR SWIFTY LAZAR!

NO, YOU LISTEN TO ME, SCHMUCK! LYLE WAGGONER GETS THE PART OF TIM CONWAY WALKS!

BEEP BEEP

IN SHOW BUSINESS!

MIKE'S ABILITY TO "PACKAGE" A DEAL MAKES HIM FAMOUS.

BUT MIKE OVITZ'S HOPES OF RUNNING MCA - WHICH INCLUDES UNIVERSAL PICTURES - DROWNED IN THE WAKE OF HIS GREEDY DEMANDS.

OH, I BELIEVE IN ME! I BELIEVE IN ME!

SID, I'M THINKING STREEP, STALLONE. SPIELBERG AT THE HELM. SONGS BY SONDHEIM. CALL ME, WE'LL GET IN BED.

MICHAEL! THIS IS EDGAR BRONFMAN! WILL YOU PLEASE GET OFF THE SHARK!



Hire Education

Gee, Professor Krupke

Adam 12 + Car 54 ÷ Rescue 911 = ?

After NYPD officers ran naked and drunk through a D.C. hotel, Police Commissioner William Bratton vowed to "make it harder to become a New York City police officer." He'd better. Consider the following questions from past entrance exams, and ask yourself if it isn't just a little *too* easy to carry a firearm and a nightstick in public.

- 1) A criminal is typically one who:
 - (A) has a peculiarly shaped head
 - (B) exhibits a most degenerate kind of behavior
 - (C) is an intelligent, well-educated person
 - (D) looks like other people
- 2) The most frequent cause among the following for making a person a criminal is:

(A) mental retardation	(C) bad environmental conditions
(B) good education	(D) superior ability in a trade
- 3) There would be no crime if there were no:

(A) weapons	(C) stupid laws
(B) criminals	(D) private property
- 4) "A member of the department shall not indulge in intoxicants while in uniform. A member of the department, not required to wear a uniform, and a uniformed member, while out of uniform, shall not indulge in intoxicants to an extent unfitting him or her for duty." It follows that:
 - (A) a member off duty, not in uniform, may drink intoxicants to any degree desired
 - (B) a member on duty, not in uniform, may drink intoxicants
 - (C) a member on duty, in uniform, may drink intoxicants
 - (D) a uniformed member, in civilian clothes, may not drink intoxicants
- 5) You notice a man limping hurriedly, leaving a trail of blood behind him. You question him, and his explanation is that he was hurt accidentally while he was watching a man clean a gun. You should:
 - (A) let him go as you have no proof that his story is not true
 - (B) have him sent to the nearest city hospital under police escort so that he may be questioned further after treatment
 - (C) ask him whether the man has a license for the gun
 - (D) ask him to lead you to the man who cleaned his gun so that you may question him further about the incident
- 6) Assume that you are a police officer. A woman has complained to you about a man's indecent exposure in front of her house. As you approach, the man begins to run. You should:
 - (A) shoot to kill, as the man may be a dangerous maniac
 - (B) fire a warning shot to try to halt the man
 - (C) summon other police officers in order to apprehend him
 - (D) pursue and try to seize the man
- 7) A police officer in civilian clothes appearing as a witness in a court must wear his or her shield over the left breast. This procedure:
 - (A) helps the officer in reporting for duty promptly if called
 - (B) impresses the judge
 - (C) identifies the witness as a police officer
 - (D) preserves order

8) Law enforcement officials receive badges with numbers on them so that:

- (A) their personalities may be submerged
- (B) they may be more easily identified
- (C) they may be spied upon
- (D) their movements may be kept under constant control

9) Suppose that while patrolling your post in an unfrequented area at 1:00 A.M., you find a man sprawled on the ground in an alley. The man's throat has been cut and he is dead. There is considerable blood on the ground, but the man does not appear to be bleeding. Of the following, the first step you should take is to:

- (A) straighten out the man so he is resting comfortably
- (B) telephone your precinct
- (C) investigate to determine whether the blood on the ground is the blood of the dead man
- (D) carry the man out to the street

10) The reason police officers have greater authority than private citizens in making arrests is:

- (A) to protect citizens against needless arrest
- (B) to ensure a fair trial
- (C) that they have greater knowledge of the law
- (D) that they are in better physical shape

11) Suppose that while you are directing traffic at Columbus Circle, a young man approaches and asks, "How can I get to Columbus Circle?" You should say:

- (A) "On your way, young man."
- (B) "This seems paradoxical. You seek what you have."
- (C) "Columbus Circle is at 59th Street and Broadway."
- (D) "This is Columbus Circle. Where do you want to go?"

12) You are watching a great number of people leave a ball game. Of the persons who are described below, the one whom it would be easiest to spot would be:

- (A) female; age 15; height 5'6"; weight 130 lbs.; long straight black hair
- (B) male; age 50; height 5'8"; weight 150 lbs.; missing toe on right foot
- (C) male; age 60; height 5'7"; weight 170 lbs.; all false teeth
- (D) male; age 25; height 6'3"; weight 220 lbs.; pockmarked

13) Of the following, the best method to use in shooting a revolver is to keep:

- (A) both eyes closed
- (B) both eyes open
- (C) the right eye open
- (D) the left eye open



Department of Subtle Differences IV Saatchi, Saatchi, & Saatchi

Three magazines, one advertising agency. What's a publisher to do?

When three of Condé Nast's star publications are collectively losing tens of millions of dollars, it's editorial mileage—not originality—that counts. In successive issues, the editors of *The Tatler*, *The New Yorker*, and *Vanity Fair* each decided to give readers a different version of the same story: A "collapsed empire" (Saatchi & Saatchi), a "master of illusion" (Maurice Saatchi), and a "battle for revenge" (Saatchi's). Perhaps Tina Brown is still editing those two other magazines?



Vanity Fair, June 1995



The New Yorker, May 15, 1995



The Tatler, March 1995

SPY LIST I

Edward G. Robinson in
Little Caesar

Paul Muni in *Scarface*

Dustin Hoffman in
Midnight Cowboy

James Caan in
The Godfather

Eli Wallach in
The Godfather, Part III

Tony Curtis in
Sweet Smell of Success

Lainie Kazan in
29th Street

Chico Marx in anything

SPY LIST II

Frank Sinatra in
The Joker Is Wild

Sal Mineo in *Exodus*

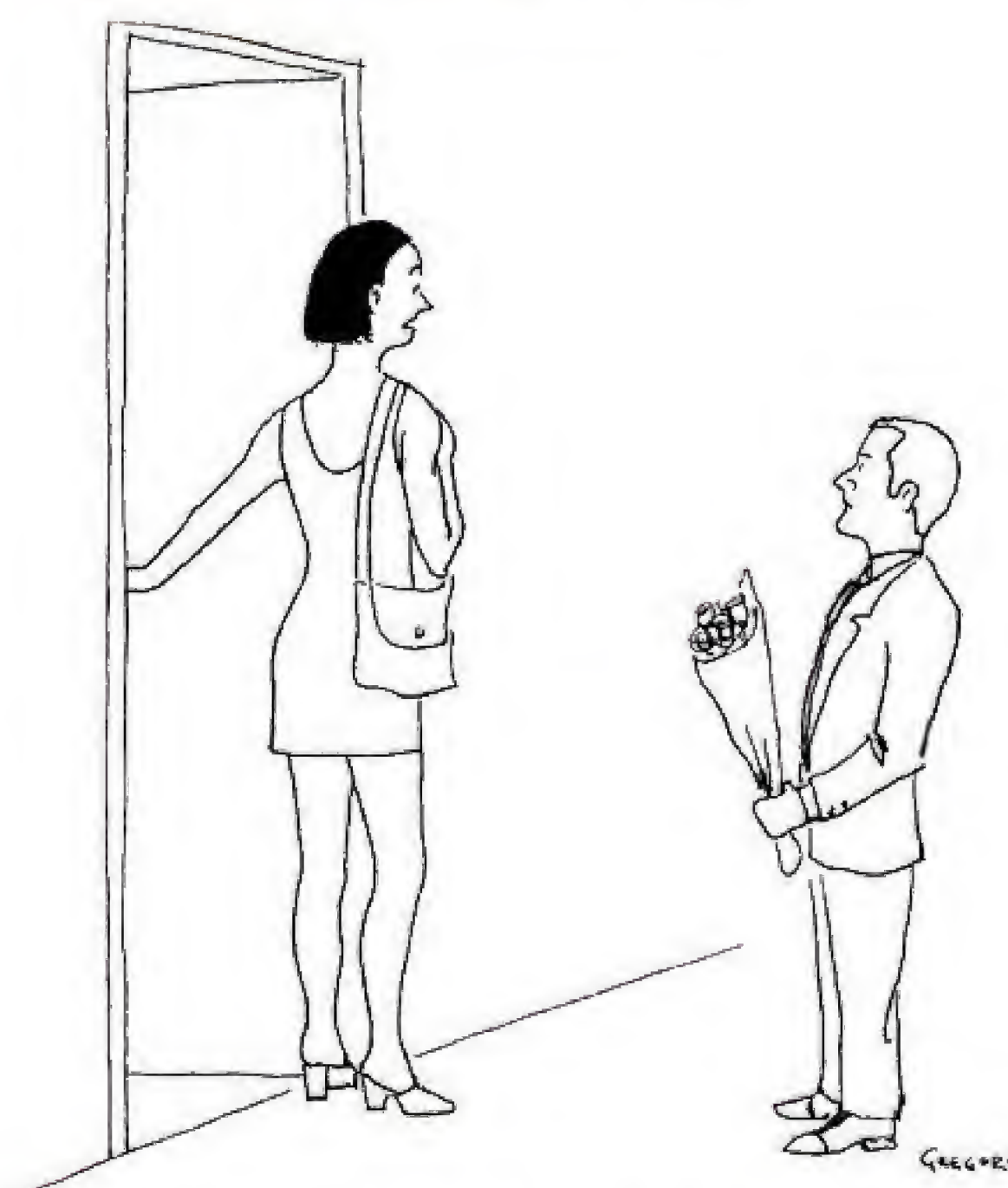
Anne Bancroft in
Garbo Talks

Robert Alda in
Rhapsody In Blue

Robert De Niro in
Once Upon A Time In America

Joe Mantegna in
Compromising Positions

John Turturro in
almost anything



"My God, you look so much shorter without your Rollerblades!"

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Winston Smith, Call Your Office

"ONE FRIEND SAID MR. McVEIGH had returned [from the Persian Gulf War]

believing that the Army had implanted a computer chip in his buttocks in order to keep him under surveillance." —the *New York Times*, April 29, 1995

OUR PARAMILITARY friends in Michigan and Idaho will be annoyed to learn that they haven't quite cornered the market on paranoia in the heartland. It appears that a terrific number of tax-paying, government-abiding citizens who don't own bulletproof *anything* have also developed the nagging sensation that someone, somewhere is watching their every move. "It makes us all jumpy, apprehensive," says Marie, a bill collector in Pennsylvania. "We're sitting there eight hours a day and wondering, *are they listening to us?*" Olivia, a software specialist from Georgia, also can't shake the feeling that "Big Brother is counting us, listening to us, and filming us all the time."

In the '70s, Olivia and Marie would have been treated with substantial doses of Haldol or Thorazine. But in the '90s, since their worst fears are justified, they can only log off of their workstations and take a 90-second, software-regulated micro-break.

"Computer monitoring literally *controls* employees from the time they enter the work-place," says David LeGrand of the Communications Workers of America (CWA) union. "As soon as they sit down

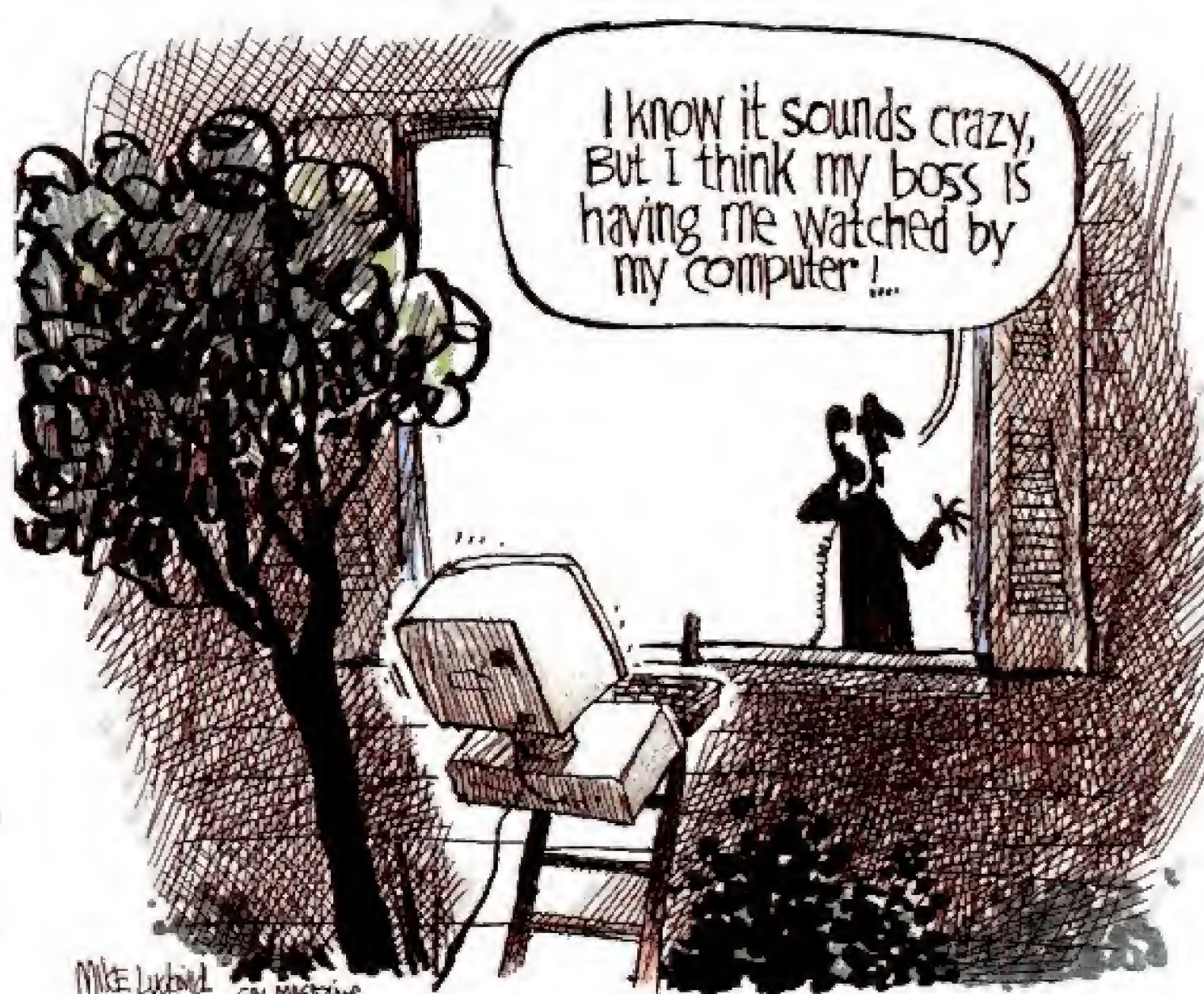
at the computer, turn the machine on, and plug in, everything they do throughout the entire work shift is monitored—time spent completing a service, time spent taking a break, time spent eating lunch."

LET'S NOT FORGET about potty breaks, which are also computer-timed and tabulated. Gayle says that her airline regularly posts the results for fellow reservation agents to compare bathroom efficiency. Some time before Rita was fired from her 29-year-old data processing job for getting up from her chair three times in one day, she had been reprimanded for taking too much time in the bathroom. "I had my period," she says. "I told them, 'You want to help me clean it up?'"

"It's not a Big Brother attitude," insists Ron Edens, founder of Electronic Banking systems, a direct-mail donation processor. "It's more of a calming attitude." Edens not only tracks his data-entry clerks by keystroke- and error-rate (a minimum of 8,500 correct strokes per hour—or the ax), he also controls eight video cameras from his office. "There's a little bit of Sneaky Pete to it," he told the *Wall Street Journal's* Tony Horwitz. "It's easier from behind, because they don't know you're watching."

The Michigan Militia can fret all they want about the ATF and Janet Reno. But if any of them has a day job involving data or word processing, telemarketing, customer service, insurance claims, or recruiting, the person who

signs their paychecks has electronic tabs on them that the Stasi would have slobbered over. More than 20 percent of the companies surveyed by *MacWorld* in July 1993 reported that they engage in searches of employee computer files, voice mail, electronic mail, or other networking communications. And labor experts now estimate that as many as 40 million American employees are zealously surveilled in their workplace.



MIKE LUCKOVICH

"It used to be hard to spy on people—now it's easy and cheap," says Lewis Maltby, director of the American Civil Liberties Union's Workplace Division. "It is very possible that your phone is being tapped, that your e-mail is being read, that your computer is being monitored, and even that there's a camera in the bathroom."

Legally, you're supposed to be safe at home, but it doesn't always work out that way. "You can't always hear them click in," explains Linda Heffern, a 25-year repair-service clerk for Bell Atlantic. According to the lawsuit Heffern filed against the company, she was at home recovering from some medical procedures when a supervisor called to inform her that he had just listened in on her personal conversation with a coworker—and that if she was well enough to talk on the phone, she was well enough to be at work.

There is, of course, a place for appropriate employee monitoring. "But observation monitoring should be done for training purposes only," Legrand says. "You don't come in and use monitoring on someone who has 17 or 18 years' seniority. Many employers use it as a tactic to intimidate and harass employees."

WHO SAYS JOURNALISM can't be a business like any other? An unsuspecting colleague reports being caught off guard one day as she started to sketch out a draft of an article on her computer. From out of nowhere, a sentence appeared on her screen that she had not written: [I DON'T LIKE THAT LEAD!]. It was her editor, taking an unsolicited look-see from another floor in the building.

Such interoffice monitoring is made possible with such sophisticated software as "Peek & Spy" ("the person spied on [sic] will not be tipped off to the watching") and "TrafficWatch II." You may not fancy yourself a Homer Simpson in the flesh, but any boss with a slight predisposition to tyranny can become an instant Montgomery Burns. Just click the "no notify" option on Noron Lambert's CloseUp/LAN: "You decide to look in on Sue's computer screen....Sue doesn't even know you are there!"

On the other hand, if you've got too large a staff to track on an individual ba-

sis, you can automate your eavesdropping. "The tools are there to sift through massive amounts of information," says Apple Computer's Dean Blacketter.

This all amounts to mechanization that would make Frederick Taylor blush. It was Taylor who, in 1911, introduced the notion of "scientific management," aiming for a much more efficient industrial economy. His idea was to break down jobs into their smallest workable components, to institute production quotas, and to vociferously monitor performance. Lawmakers traditionally have respected the Taylor way, showing great reluctance to limit the boss's right to snoop.

"The United States has some of the weakest laws in the world regarding information privacy," says surveillance expert Simson Garfinkel. He points to the 1986 Electronic Communications Privacy Act, which, though it prohibits the monitoring of cellular phones and e-mail, makes a special exception for employers. Another bill, The Privacy for Consumers and Workers Act, is much more favorable to employees. It is not expected to get very far this session.

Until good legislation does pass, however, office workers should note: Your desk phone may also be a listening outpost; your sprinkler system may actually be a Sprinkler-Cam; your voice mailboxes are considered company property; and your computer files may be quietly recorded onto backup tape before being erased. And as for e-mail: "E-mail is a party line!" laughs one Silicon Valley CEO. Garfinkel concurs—"You're crazy if you use your business account for personal e-mail"—and strongly advises a separate Internet account for all personal e-correspondence.

As the privacy issue gets even murkier, we'll all want to consider using some sort of encryption (P.G.P., one of the best, is distributed for free via on-line services). In addition, you might want to check into your company's monitoring policy and press for mandatory notification before all peeking.

Of course, if you're out of a job, you're safe. [I LIKE THAT ENDING!]

—David Shenk

Comments or suggestions can be sent to the writer via e-mail at: DSHENK@aol.com

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Complex Inferiority

TWENTY YEARS AGO I BEGAN my semi-relentless pursuit of success.

Began and—happily—ended. From that first day, when I realized I was being paid to do something I would have fun doing anyway, I considered myself a success. Smug? Oh, I rather think not.

It finally occurred to me, as the bad Eighties shifted into the scary Nineties, that while I was successful enough to look dozens of people in the eye and say, "I am successful enough," I was, compared to others I knew, just another ant schlepping crumbs back to the hole. Of the 10 or so fellows I worked with in my early era, four or five had by then become extremely, if not monstrously, successful. And they all had one thing in common.

We'll get to that in a minute. First, let's leap ahead to the lesson to be learned from their various triumphs. It is simple, if devastating: When asking how to be a success, we must first ask *when* to be a success. The answer, you will not be surprised to learn, is easy: *As soon as possible*, if you are under the age of 30, and *that much sooner and sooner* as you get older and older. No one wants to read this, of course, and in fact I can't stand writing it. But I must write it, and you must read it, because...because I said so.

BUT WE'RE GETTING ahead of ourselves. What, in fact, do we mean by "success"? Accomplishment, advancement, money, renown, and power. *Not* a warm glow of personal satisfaction; *not* a private victory in the eternal struggle of the self. Those things are what we mean by "something even more precious," as in the model sentence, "In the end,

I did not enjoy success with my steam-powered shoehorn (the company went bankrupt), but I enjoyed something even more precious," etc.

I call upon the reader to transcend his or her petty, narrow, childish self-centered notion of success and to adopt a more community-based, other-centered view. Stop worrying about *your* success; start worrying about the success of others. Because one thing my father didn't tell me (and if he didn't tell *me*, he certainly isn't going to tell *you*) is that, sooner or later, people you knew

in your pre-success days will suddenly, with no advance notice, become more successful than you. The longer you wait, the more this will happen. And it will be indescribably galling.

Note here that I do not condemn wholesale the success of everybody else in the world. I'm not a maniac, you know. I don't endorse the maxim, "Success is not enough. Others must fail." This notion, ascribed in tacky fiction and tacky nonfiction mainly to denizens of Hollywood, strikes me as too sweeping, distastefully unenlightened, and unnecessarily cruel. I would

amend it to read, "Success is not enough. Others—*their names to be specified by me; see list, attached*—must fail."

In this I evince an uncharacteristic and unseemly bitterness. But I have an excuse: I'm a victim. I've been influenced by what we may call the Fallacy of Institutional Pedagogy, or FOIP (pronounced "foip"). Briefly put, the Fallacy runs thusly: In school, from K through 12 and even beyond, one comes to assume a certain cause-and-effect relationship between input and output. In the main, if you do the work, you get the grades. (True, sometimes you don't do the work, and you do get the grades. Or you do the work, but the test is just so obviously unfair, and you don't get the grades.)

This has nothing to do



KYRSTEN BROOKER

with "learning," of course. Still, in terms of the narrowly defined manufacturing procedure by which tender young students are harvested, processed with raw pedagogical instruction, and converted into a grade-point average, school is a sort-of meritocracy ("rule of merit").

But life, one discovers, is not even a sort-of sort-of meritocracy. Which is not to say that life is like school. It is, but only socially. In terms of career—and therefore in terms of success—life is often a jerkocracy ("rule of jerks"); a prickocracy ("rule of pricks"); and—*say it fast, it acquires a certain clippity-cloppity equine appeal*—a mediocrityocracy ("rule of mediocrities").

EARLY SUCCESS IS IMPORTANT, though, in spite of the above list, not for the money. Anyone with a bit of pluck, spine, mettle, or moxie can get by with sub-success levels of income in his or her twenties (assuming they neither have children nor live in Manhattan), because people in their twenties possess a money-substitute—i.e., the energy of people in their twenties. Granted, energy cannot be used to pay bills—except insofar as one uses neurochemical energy to have the brains to write a check, musculoskeletal energy to shove it in the envelope, and salival-tongular energy to lick the stamp. But it *can* be used to skate, swim, bike, play, dance, lounge, drink, and run around enough to avoid worrying about one's inability to pay bills.

(Come to think of it, energy can also be translated into money—and vice versa—because, as Einstein has demonstrated, energy is a form of mass, and mass, let's face it, costs money.)

The point is, it's not the status of your bank account that makes youthful success so vital to a happy, healthy life. It's the status of your ego. "Ah," the reader thinks, "you mean, the younger a success you are, the more fun you can have swaggering around and feeling like a big shot." Well...the reader *would* think that. But I mean something far more elevated. Swaggering around and feeling like a big shot is only appealing to little shots who think that, by convincing others they are big shots, they will finally stifle their inner fear that they are, as

shots go, really rather small.

So does this mean that virtue goes unrewarded? Not at all! Virtue gets this handsome wall plaque, not to mention our sincerest expressions of thanks and appreciation. Am I suggesting that talent goes unrecognized? Absolutely not...*See, there it is now, coming out of that Chinese takeout place: talent! Ooh, that was close, it almost got run over by that white stretch limo. I hope it's okay. No, don't look. Let's just go.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF YOUTHFUL success, then, is to inoculate one against the ravages of other people's success. But not just any other people. I'm talking about people whose success you feel—feel, hell; you *know*—to be unmerited. The nice-but-limited, the strenuous semi-tals, the eagerly imitative, that lot. Ten years later they pop up with power, dough, deals, fame, and influence. And you? You do what any sensible man or woman would: You chuckle knowingly, shake your head at the cruel and unpredictable vagaries of the world, get drunk—bad drunk, gin drunk—and scream naughty words at your spouse and children.

This was the case (except for the drunken screaming) when I reviewed the achievements of those four or five colleagues who had gone on to blinding, stellar success. All of them had been, without exception, among the most mediocre of the bunch. They were the least inspired, the most second-rate. News of their various triumphs in movies, television, and journalism fell like rain—acid rain—on the delicate blossoms of my sensibility. I moaned, I groaned, I got moody and sullen. Oh, my friends were there, of course.

And without hesitation, they laughed in my face.

I'm better now. I have found the courage to accept what I can't change, and the wisdom to just shut up about it. Still, my suffering will not have been in vain if the reader comes away from this account (running, probably) with that one golden insight: Go forth. Follow your bliss. Be all that you can be.

Fast.

—Ellis Weiner

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Cheyenne Brando's story is the Pandora's box America won't open, because Marlon Brando is one of our **gods**. When she **killed** herself this past Easter, the headline in *People* read: "Her father tried desperately to save her." But the **truth** is far more convoluted: He tried both to save her and **destroy** her. And all the while, it seems, he tried hardest to **control** her.

BY JILL NEIMARK

Sympathy for the Devil



P erhaps what I need is an exorcist," Cheyenne Brando told reporters in the spring of 1993, two years before she killed herself in her mother's home in Tahiti. She was speaking of her father's psychological influence over her, comparing it to "voodoo" and depicting him as a man able to "make me think about him more than I think about myself." He had, she described, the "mentality of the [real-life] Godfather—the powerful man able to manipulate people as it pleases him. That's why I say he is the demon."

"I tell you," she confessed. "I am Marlon Brando's sacrifice." The plot points of Cheyenne's life are familiar to anyone

who reads a tabloid or watches *Entertainment Tonight*, but, somehow, the *details* have escaped our notice. Or have been held back by editors wary of pissing off Hollywood's literal 400-pound gorilla. The headlines tell the story: "As he copes with his son's murder rap, Marlon Brando is dealt a second blow: daughter Cheyenne's suicide try," wept *People* magazine in 1990.

You see, Marlon is the victim here, the poor father of upward of a dozen children by three different wives, one housekeeper, and assorted affairs—the man presented in the press as "stammering through his tears" while confessing his failure as a father: "There were things that I could have done differently had I known better at the time, but I didn't." Indeed.

Look no further for evidence of Marlon Brando's failures than the circumstances surrounding the shooting of Dag Drollet, Cheyenne's lover, by her half-brother Christian. Sympathetic reporters who focused on Marlon, "The Good Father," apparently overlooked several facts contained within police reports, court testimony, and statements of sources close to the shooting. Among them:

- Christian's claim that the shooting was an accident (the result of a struggle for the gun) was undermined the instant detectives discovered Dag's dead body: His left hand was seen clenching a lighter, a pouch of tobacco, and cigarette papers, and his right hand lay next to a TV remote control.

- Marlon later told the police that he picked up the remote *after* the shooting to turn off the television, and that Drollet's hand was free to strike at Christian—prompting one detective to say that up until that point, he hadn't realized Brando was willing to lie for his son.

- According to his technical assistant, Tom Papke, Marlon discovered the bullet that killed Dag while attempting to reconstruct the crime himself—but waited days before giving it to the police.

- On the afternoon of the murder, Marlon took his son aside and reportedly told him that Dag had been abusive toward Cheyenne, who had recently become pregnant. Cheyenne told Peter Manso, author of the 1,000-page *Brando: The Biography*, that Christian made persistent threats to "bust on" Drollet that night. Cheyenne said she couldn't take the threats seriously, but was certain they stemmed from her father's conversation with Christian that day.

- Both Marlon and Christian admitted that Christian was angry with Dag that night. However, they claimed it was

Marlon had Cheyenne sequestered at his home for almost a month after the shooting, before detectives were finally permitted to question her. When Cheyenne told a police detective, "It's murder, in case you don't know it," Marlon immediately sent her back to Tahiti—where she was hospitalized and conveniently declared mentally unfit to testify at Christian's trial.

From the beginning, Cheyenne held her father responsible for Dag's shooting. On June 8, 1993, she told reporters that she believed Marlon was "an accomplice" to the crime—that, by speaking negatively about

Dag, he actually induced Christian to shoot Dag through "auto-suggestion." Although Marlon Brando was never implicated in the crime (Christian pled guilty to voluntary manslaughter), Peter Manso believes he should be held "morally responsible."

In his biography, Manso portrayed Christian as a malleable son, zealously overprotective of his half-sister and desperate to follow in his father's macho image. "Christian is weak and crazy," Cheyenne told Manso. "And his greatest joy in life, his nirvana, is to please Marlon Brando." The author agrees: "I would have headlined the shooting that night as a confession from Christian: 'I killed for my father's love.'"

Years of research led Manso to uncover an episode in the

Brando past that is particularly chilling in light of the present: Once, when he was young, Marlon had come close to killing his father after he'd found him beating his mother. And, just as Christian stopped at a girlfriend's home to pick up his .45 and a knife on the night of the shooting, Marlon had retrieved his father's .45 and a knife in the attempt. The similarities are



Marlon blended his *Bounty* experience into his real life.

"It's murder, in case you don't know it," Cheyenne told a police detective after the crime. Then Marlon shipped her off to a Tahitian hospital.

Cheyenne who told Christian about Dag's abuse, and that she was lying. Yet Tarita, Cheyenne's mother, who had been living in Marlon's house at the time, said she had herself become aware that Dag sometimes "hit" Cheyenne. When confronted with the Brandos's statement that Cheyenne had lied about the beatings, Manso reports, Tarita said: "I don't want to answer you."

uncanny—except, of course, that Marlon never went through with his attempt.

Christian claims he never intended to shoot Dag, but his initial statements to the police sound like eerie confessions lodged within protests of innocence: "Please believe me, I wouldn't do it in my father's house...I didn't, I mean, go up to him and go boom! in my dad's house. If I was going to do that, I'd take him

down the road and knock him off... If I was going to do something dev-ious like this, I mean, I would have {said}, 'Hey, let's go out, you know, check out the mine shafts on the Mojave.'... Whoops! He fell down a hole... {Or} take him out to Death Valley, no clothes on, and give him three gallons of water: 'Get a suntan.'"

More riveting than the brutal images is Christian's emphasis on his father's house—as though dishonoring his father

When Brando asked his 17-year old daughter to "take care of him," she re-called, "it was if he were asking me to choose between him and my fiancé."

by committing murder in his home were the real crime, not the killing itself.

Whereas Christian's relationship with his father was based on emulation, Cheyenne's was based on distance. Throughout the latter stages of her life, she was shipped from one psychiatric facility to another—including clinics in Tahiti, France, and Berkeley, California. She had undergone treatment as late as April 1990 at Tahiti's military hospital; her major symptoms then were aggression, sleeping problems, and vacillating contact with reality. She finally committed suicide after losing custody of her son, Tuki, due to her chronic depression and drug abuse.

His daughter's supposed lack of emotional well-being was something Marlon Brando continually harped on, particularly after the shooting. In a letter thanking Sergeant Walker for his conduct during the investigation, he inexplicably included the fact that Cheyenne "had a very serious car accident that produced severe damage to her head and face which left her with deep emotional problems and behavioral disorders, plus other things that are appalling."

At the time of the shooting, Marlon was intending to bring Cheyenne to Los Angeles for treatment in yet another mental hospital. "My real phobia is to be put in the crazy house—a real crazy house," she once confessed. "I fear that my father would do that because he has doubts about himself and what he did to me."

The odd home life that Brando created for himself and his family closely mirrored his ever-changing whims and whatever character he happened to be portraying on the screen at the time. After filming *Mutiny On the Bounty* on location in Tahiti, Marlon married

Tarita Teriipia, who starred as his Tahitian lover in the film, and bought himself an island there. One can also assume that he named his first-born son after his character in the film, *Mr. Christian*.

Yet throughout Cheyenne's childhood, Marlon never spent more than three months at a time in his Polynesian home. When he did come to visit, he chose to stay most of-

ten at the Beachcomber Hotel, rather than on his island or at any of his three houses. Jacques Drollet, Dag's father, reports that during these visits, Cheyenne would "go and stay with him for days" at the hotel.

During an interview with Manso well after Dag's death, Cheyenne indicated that Marlon had "sexually abused" her. From the time she was seven, Cheyenne said, Marlon had "touched" her:

Manso: *Touched you where?*

Cheyenne: My breasts. Or when he would give me a mas-sage he would, like, push me on the—on the bed. Making me bounce on the bed... He's mas-saging me, but he's doing it in a way like I'm having... I'm hav-ing sex, you know?

Manso: *How old are you when it stops?*

Cheyenne: I was still going out with Dag when he did this to me, when he touched my breasts.

Cheyenne explained that Marlon never wanted her to be with Dag, whom she met in a waterfront disco when she was 17, a year after dropping out of high school. She had experimented with drugs since age 14, and she and Dag were known to have tried LSD, angel

dust, and ecstasy. Brando, in turn, blamed Dag for their drug use. It was in response to their ongoing relationship, Cheyenne believes, that Marlon asked her to move to Los Angeles to "take care of him."

"He was living with a woman [at the time]," she later re-called. "Yet I was supposed to stay with him, cook his meals, be close to him... It was as if he were asking me to choose be-tween him and my fiancé."

Jacques Drollet concurs with her analysis. "When she fell in love with Dag, they got into a very special spin of difficul-ties with Marlon Brando," he recalls. "[Marlon] was very jealous. She felt very insecure that for the first time in her life she was really in love and... Brando was trying to separate them."



Christian's "nirvana," his sister said, was pleasing Marlon.

Behind these scenes of family intrigue stands an ominous figure controlling everything that happens. Throughout Marlon's life, those who know him have described Brando as a man with an X-ray ability to see into others, to sense their wound or fragility, to absorb their being into his. For a great actor, this uncanny ability to sense others is a necessity.

Aside from the emotional stress Brando placed on his daughter and her boyfriend, Marlon's relationship with Christian seems equally disturbing. Whenever both siblings were in Los Angeles, Brando would have his secretary take them to a screening of *The King and I*—a familial metaphor of power probably not missed by the two. And at one point in Christian's sentencing hearing, Brando confessed that he had had his son's room bugged when he was a teenager.

"Christian came to me one night and said, 'Dad, for God's sake, turn off the tape recorder. Every time it clicks on, it keeps me up,'" the actor testified.

Indeed, when things got messy, Brando knew exactly how to "protect" his son. After the shooting, Jacques Drollet and Albert LeCaill (Dag's stepfather) filed a \$100 million wrongful-death civil suit against Marlon and Christian. In response, Marlon wrote a letter to Dag's mother, Lisette, and Albert LeCaill, offering one million dollars—along with "all our love and tears"—to provide for Drollet's four-year-old daughter, Tiairani.

Of course, as Manso reported, that was *after* Brando told Papke, in inimitable Godfather style, "They're becoming bothersome—but I've got that covered."

Then an odd thing occurred: Drollet and LeCaill asked

Cheyenne was in Los Angeles with her father and brother, recovering from a Jeep accident. After she recuperated, she returned to Tahiti, was reunited with Dag, and "soon became pregnant," reported the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The baby, however, was born four weeks early, leaving the actual time—and partner—of conception open to speculation. (In recent photographs of Tuki, published after Cheyenne's death, the boy appears tow-headed, despite the fact that both his parents are presumed to be dark-haired Polynesians.)

"We're dealing with myths here," Manso says. "Marlon Brando is one of the most powerful icons of our time. When Olivier and I published our interview with Cheyenne in *Paris Match*, where she accused him of molesting her, nobody here picked it up. After she died I wrote an 8,000-word piece for

the *London Sunday Times*, and the only paper that would pick it up here was the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The *Los Angeles Times* turned it down because, in that town, Marlon is sacred."

Even Marlon's oldest friend, whom Manso refuses to identify, told the author: "[Marlon] used to talk about himself as a spider who'd snare people in his web. He'd laugh about it, and in the old days you could take it as a joke. But that was before he got famous—before he had all this monstrous power. The simple truth, though, is that he drags you down. Anyone who gets inside is a threat to him, so he drags us all down, including his own kids."

Since the shooting of Dag Drollet, Marlon Brando has not returned to Tahiti. In the wake of his daughter's suicide, the actor

has been something of a recluse in his sprawling Hollywood home. Apparently, the role of hermit is another that Marlon works to perfection.

When Cheyenne lived with her father for several months in 1992, she noticed how he often "sat in a dark room and played tapes. He was listening to voices—I think his own



Tow-headed Tuki—an unlikely product of two Polynesians?


Marlon tried to defuse a wrongful-death suit with a \$1 million trust fund. Said Brando: "They're becoming bothersome—but I've got that covered."

for a DNA test to determine Tuki's paternity. When *People* reported that Tuki was "presumed to be Drollet's child," other publications, such as the *Los Angeles Times*, mentioned the question of "who the father is." On the night of Dag's shooting, in fact, Cheyenne reported that she told her lover he was not the father of her child.

The timing of Tuki's birth seems suspect as well. In 1989,

voice—for hours...I would say that he's made a space for himself in that room so that nobody can touch him, that makes walls so he is no longer open."

"Is he searching for his soul?" Manso later asked her.

"I don't think he has a soul, so he is not searching for it. He's the devil himself. We might all live in a dark zone, but his is worldwide." 

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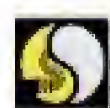
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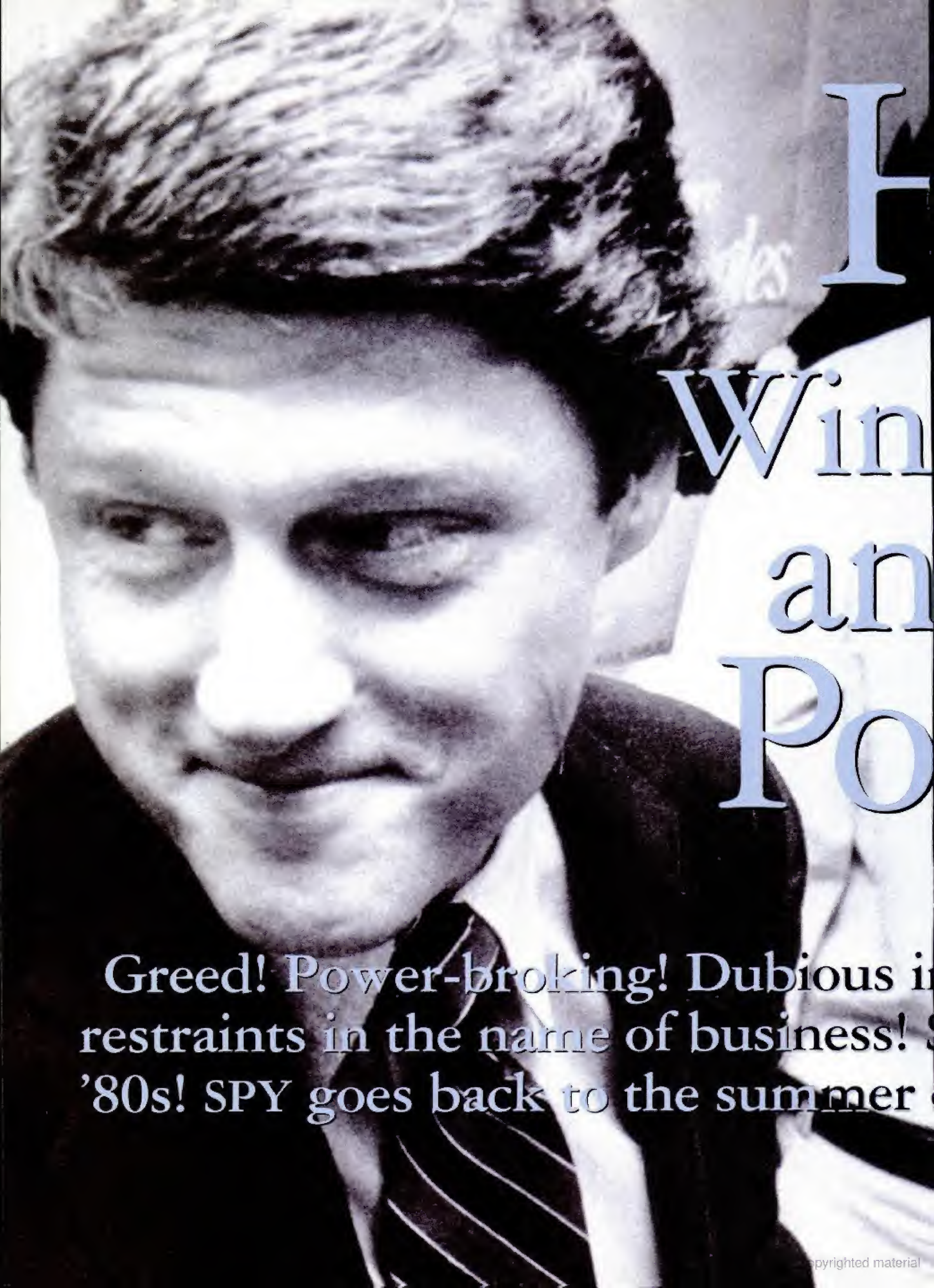
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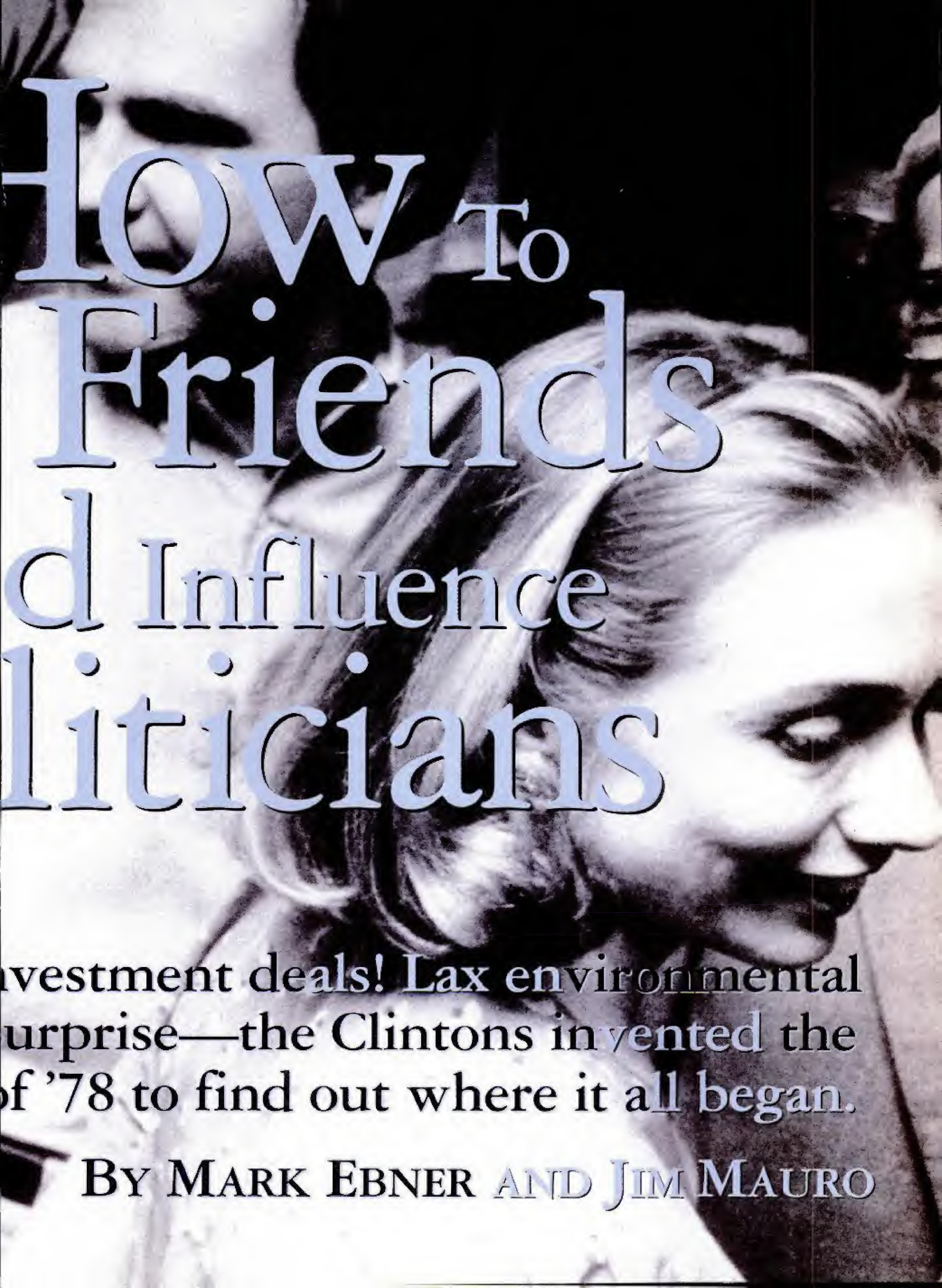


THE LENGTH YOU GO TO FOR PLEASURE



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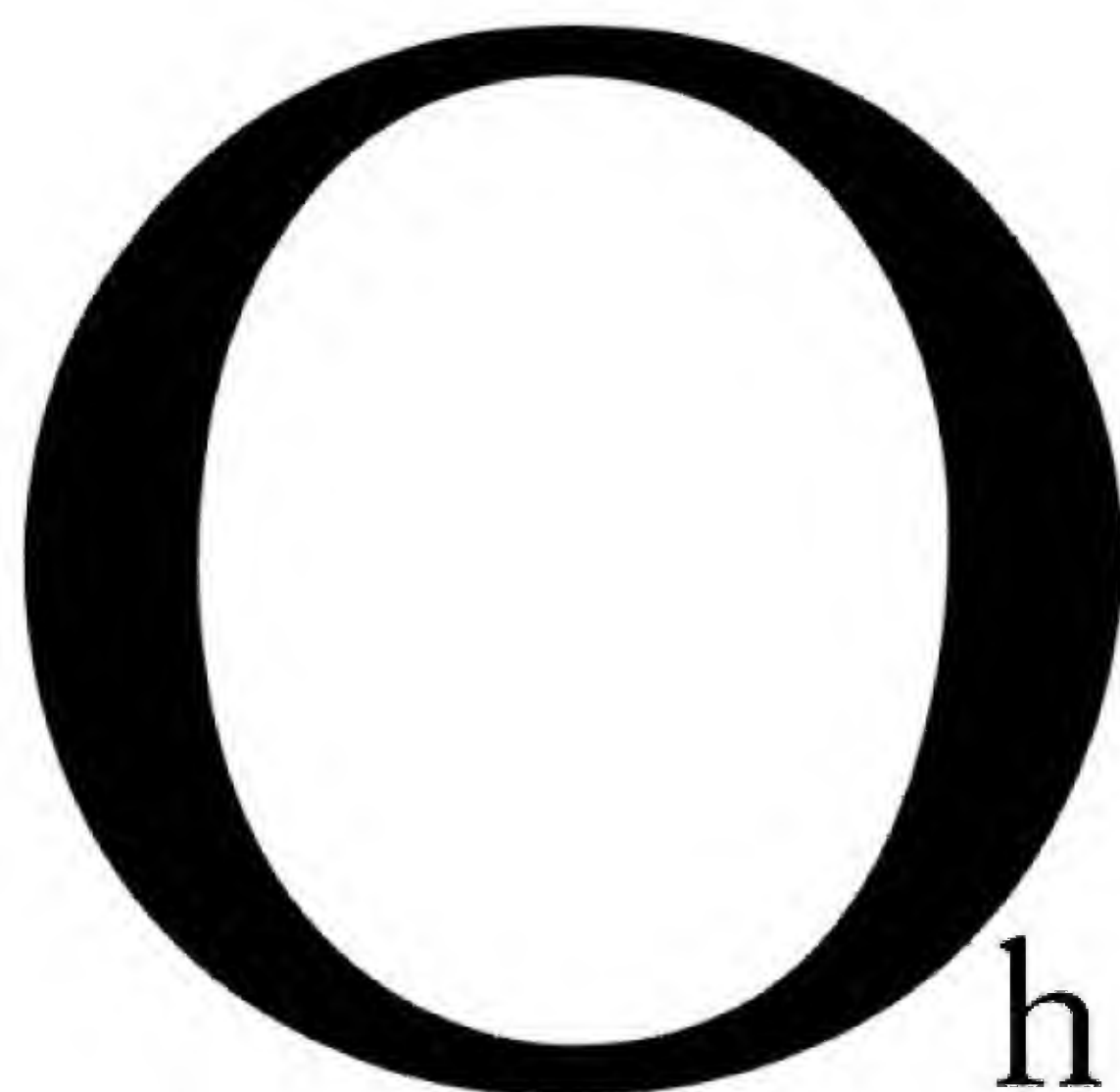
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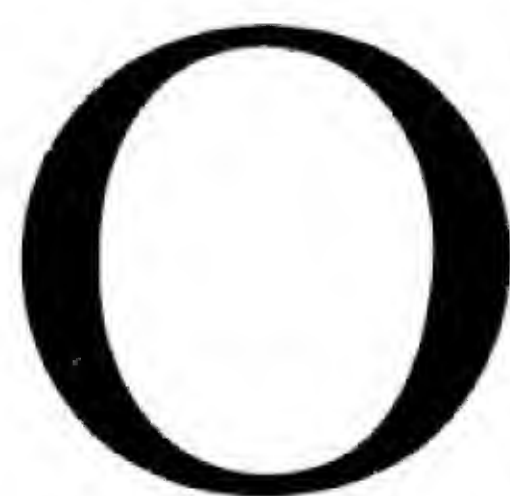
How To Friends and Influence Politicians

investment deals! Lax environmental
surprise—the Clintons invented the
of '78 to find out where it all began.

BY MARK EBNER AND JIM MAURO



h no,
you say, not another story on Hillary Clinton's
dubious investments. Relax, you may
think you've read this before, only you haven't. Call it
a SPY investigative hypothesis—a summing-up of
known facts into a classic “follow-the-money”
scenario involving a cozy relationship between a gover-
nor, his wife, and a well-known chicken company.



n October 11, 1978, Hillary Rodham Clinton, a first-time trader with an annual income below \$25,000, opened a commodities futures trading account with an initial deposit of \$1,000. Although her investment was tiny (even minuscule by industry standards), she per-

formed extremely well. So well, in fact, that from her very first trade—the sale and subsequent repurchase of 10 live cattle contracts—Hillary was a winner. One might even use the word *phenomenon*: within days her account had swelled to \$5,300, awarding her an astonishing 430 percent profit.

Hey, it happens. Long shots come in, royal flushes are dealt, the '69 Mets won the World Series. The real trick, of course, is to keep such an incredible winning streak going, as Hillary did, for 10 straight months. A little under a

year after she began, the future First Lady had amassed nearly \$100,000 in profits, closing her account in July of the following year to the incredible tune of a 10,000 percent return on her original \$1,000 investment.

Okay, you say; so the profit margin's a little high. And never mind the fact that she had no experience. Or that, by some estimates, three-quarters of all investors lose money at such endeavors (including those who know what they're doing). Or that, for some reason, she decided to quit suddenly, never

to return to commodities trading despite amassing \$99,540—almost twice her and her husband's combined incomes at the time.

(Good thing, too, considering the equally amazing fact that she began trading at precisely the moment when the cattle futures market boomed and left just before it busted.)

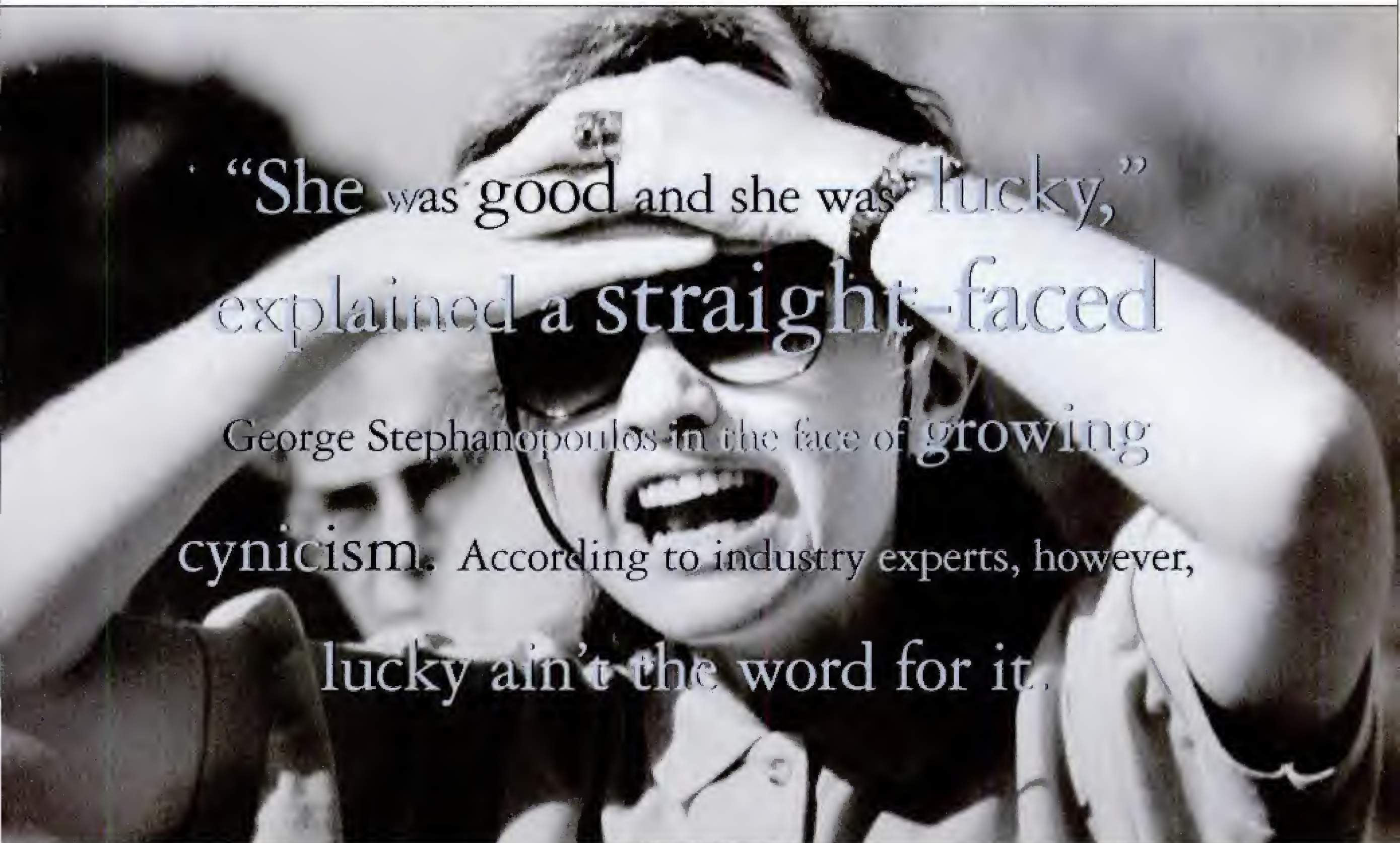
"She was good and she was lucky," a straight-faced George Stephanopoulos

tor of *Futures* magazine. "Or maybe she had none, and little gnomes were working behind the scenes."

"You are looking at monumental odds, comparable to what O.J. is facing in the DNA analysis," reports Jack Hughes, a former Chicago Board of Trade (CBOT) pit trader with more than 30 years' experience. "Hillary didn't actually trade that well, and neither did anyone else."

was the beneficiary of illegal gains," Hughes continues. "Probably from her friends connected with Tyson Foods."

But what does Tyson Foods have to do with the Clintons? In the words of its illustrious chairman, Don Tyson, politics is "a series of unsentimental transactions between those who need votes and those who have money." Tyson has also been described in the media as "the driving force behind the



"She was good and she was lucky," explained a straight-faced George Stephanopoulos in the face of growing cynicism. According to industry experts, however, lucky ain't the word for it.

would later explain.

According to industry experts, however, lucky ain't even the word for her accomplishment:

"There are people who make money in futures, but that's a stellar amount that she made," says Dan Gold, a commodities writer for *Investors Business Daily*. "It would probably be right up there with the best of the best."

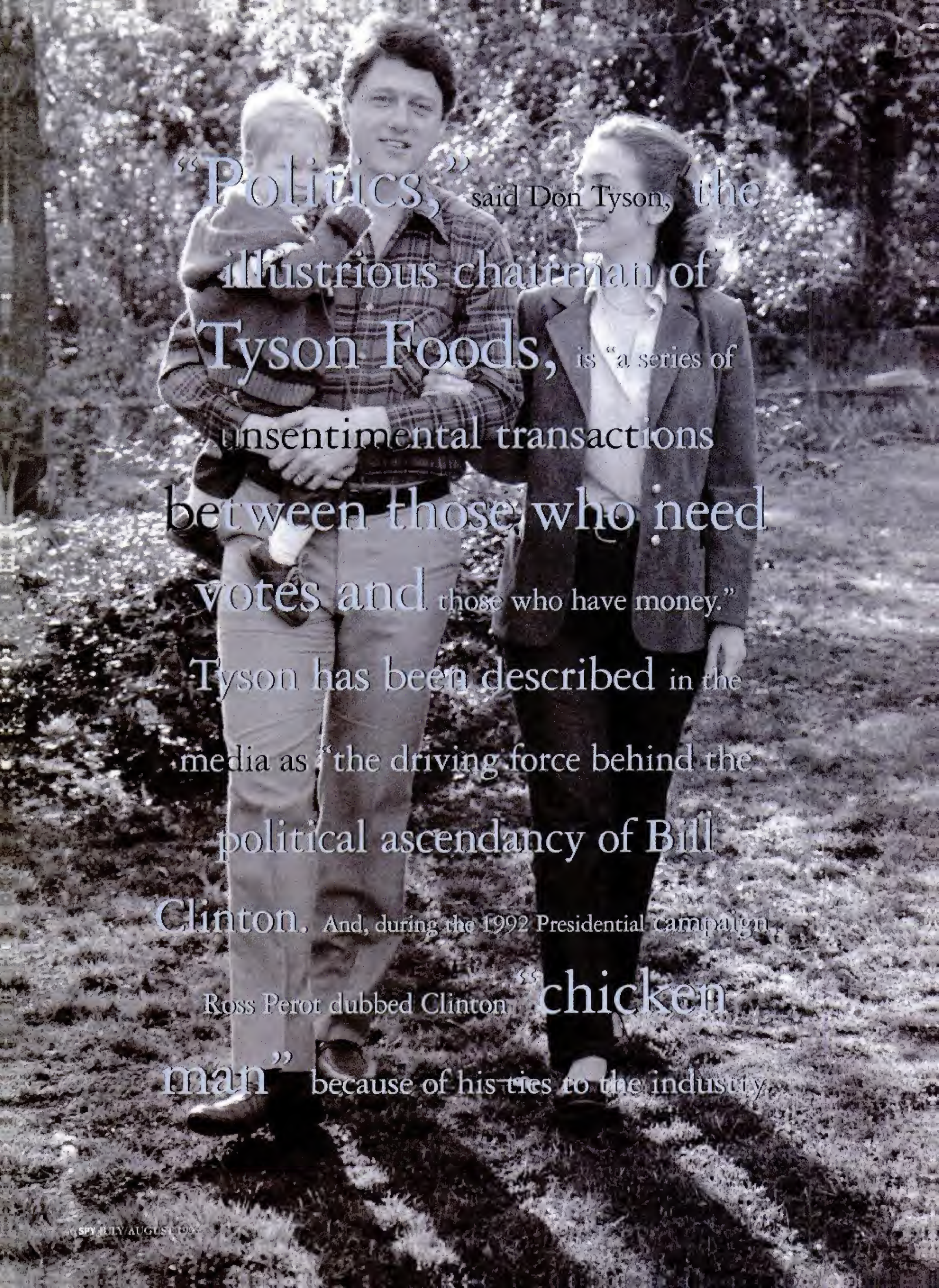
"Perhaps Hillary had more knowledge than even the *Wall Street Journal* [from which she claimed to have gotten advice]," speculates Ginger Szala, edi-

So what's the explanation? With few exceptions, traders and industry observers told SPY that Mrs. Clinton appears to have accomplished the impossible. They hypothesize that her gains were not profits at all, but rather the fruits of bogus trades put into her account in order to purchase influence with her husband, then the governor-elect of Arkansas.

"There is an inference that Hillary

political ascendancy of Bill Clinton." And, during the 1992 presidential campaign, Ross Perot dubbed Clinton "chicken man" because of his ties to Arkansas (where Tyson Foods is based) and its substantial poultry industry.

And the reason for the \$100,000? *Barron's* Midwest editor and former CBOT soybean trader Jonathon Laing opines "that the trading account was used to get funds to Mrs. Clinton and her husband....It's clear that there was no way she could have achieved those trading results on a legitimate basis.



“Politics,” said Don Tyson, the illustrious chairman of Tyson Foods, is “a series of unsentimental transactions between those who need votes and those who have money.” Tyson has been described in the media as “the driving force behind the political ascendancy of Bill Clinton. And, during the 1992 Presidential campaign, Ross Perot dubbed Clinton “chicken man” because of his ties to the industry.

You have to remember, when the trading account was set up, [Bill] had just won the Democratic nomination for governor, which in that state was tantamount to being elected. Hillary was just getting started at the Rose Law Firm, and they didn't have two nickels to rub together. This money bought them their first house."

Re-enter the Tyson connection. In 1978, three weeks before her husband became governor, Hillary was introduced to a man named Robert Lee "Red" Bone. A broker for a Chicago-based firm called Refco, and a former Tyson employee himself, Bone had previously been suspended from trading for a year for manipulating the eggs futures market. He now ran Refco's branch office in Springdale, Arkansas, the brokerage firm where Hillary's account was held.

Oh, and the man who introduced them? None other than James Blair, legal counsel for Tyson and the man who placed most of Hillary's trades for her.

Thus began the greatest run in the history of the commodities futures trading market.

In a flurry of reporting that lasted a brief, one-month period during the spring of 1994, the question of Hillary's dubious investments came to light in a series of articles appearing in the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, *USA Today*, and other newspapers, as well as in countless trade journals around the country. "Top Arkansas Lawyer Helped Hillary Clinton Turn Big Profit" and "Records Suggest Investment Favors" read the headlines. Then, just as quickly, it seems, the story disappeared.

What happened? Why were so many questions left unanswered at a time when politicians are more closely scrutinized than ever before—certainly more so than, say, around the time of the Watergate break-in? The White House, grown accustomed to issuing denials and explanations since the early days of the Clinton presidency, dis-

missed the story as casually as if Mrs. Clinton had won the lottery, repeating the White House's official "Hey, you never know" response.

In a prepared statement, Leo Melamed, former chairman of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange ("the Merc"), called the inquiries a "tempest in a teapot" and described Hillary's quirky success as "minuscule when measured against the background of that market era."

Even more characteristic of the "anything-is-possible" defense was that of the Merc's current chairman, Jack Sandner. He speculated that, considering Hillary was "trading the biggest bull market in the history of cattle...[w]hen you are lucky enough to catch a dramatic market, you can take \$1,000 and scale up, and you can make a million."

Well, *sure*. And if you or I knew the outcome of tomorrow's box scores, we could make a fortune betting on baseball games.

Dan O'Day, a longtime independent stock, options, and futures trader, laments the rather abrupt disappearance of the story without sufficient investigation. "[So far] the inquiries have been ludicrous," he says. "Take the statement by Sandner. All he did was state that it was *possible*, given the range of the market, for someone to make money at it. There was no scrutiny at all. Sandner might just as well have made the case that it was possible for elephants to fly."

Even the notorious, rush-to-judgment press has been soft on the Clintons. One *USA Today* headline used the phrase "rules may have been bent for First Lady," suggesting that a \$100,000 windfall was no more than a slight infraction—a subtle turn of the head by regulators who should have been looking more closely.

So what's the real story, and why haven't we heard it before? In fact, we have. But it's been couched mostly in financial terms, and it lacks one crucial element: a serious attempt to build the connections between a poultry conglomerate and a pair of ambitious, if slightly strapped, people hungry for a little power and a lot of money.

Any serious attempt to construct such a tale of political influence in exchange for money would have to include several possible scenarios. One of them, Jack Hughes hypothesizes, might go something like this:

"Say someone at Tyson Foods wanted to give Mrs. Clinton \$100,000. He might direct Refco broker Red Bone to create a series of trades whereby she would profit and Tyson would lose money."

Hughes suggests a theory involving mirrored trades to account for Hillary's windfall. Put simply, on a day when Bone expects there will be a lot of action in the market, he simultaneously places an order to buy a quantity of a certain contract and to sell a similar quantity of *the same contract*. If the market goes up, the buyer profits; if it goes down, the seller profits.

Only rather than putting account numbers on the orders at the time that they are entered into the market (as prescribed by regulations), he waits until the close of the market day. Then he allocates the winning trades to Mrs. Clinton and the losing trades to Tyson Foods. These "mirrored trades" would represent a no-risk profit for Hillary.

Another theory suggests that Red Bone, a professional trader himself, may have simply played the market to the best of his ability *without* making mirrored trades. Again, however, he waits until the close of the market day before allocating any of the trades to a specific account—then assigns Hillary the "winners" and Tyson the "losers."

If you're any good at math, it may have already struck you that, in order to successfully give Mrs. Clinton the \$100,000 she supposedly earned on the market, Tyson would have to suck up an equal or greater amount in losses.

And why would they do that?

Consider what took place under Clinton's governorship around the time

of the actual investments: In addition to being granted \$9 million in state loans, Tyson was allowed to dump sludge from its processing plants into Arkansas's drinking-water supply, due to the state's lack of enforcement of waste-treating agreements. In 1983, waste from Tyson's Green Forest plant seeped into the town's drinking water, sickening town residents and requiring it to be declared a disaster area. That same year, the governor signed a bill that raised the legal truck weight limit to 80,000 pounds, allowing Tyson (among other companies) to make fewer runs with more heavily loaded trucks.

If, then, the table is set for an exchange of cash for influence, what other indicators are there to bolster the general consensus among traders and brokers we interviewed that there was something shady about the near impossibility of Hillary's success?

Several, beginning with the fact that, on numerous occasions, according to records released by the White House, her trading account was severely under-margined—meaning that there simply wasn't anywhere near enough collateral to cover the moves she was making.

How far under-margined? The records indicate that, on June 27, 1979—during Hillary's single biggest trade with Refco (and one that would turn out to be the most profitable)—she invested in 50 cattle futures contracts. Such a trade would have required a \$60,000 margin deposit, yet her available balance was only \$25,011. It wasn't the biggest deficit she was to incur. On July 12th, Hillary's account showed a net loss of \$61,270. According to regulations, she should have added \$92,364 to avoid being terminated. Still, no more cash was added, and Refco covered the deficit.

Although Leo Melamed, in his White House statement, acknowledges the oddity of such behavior, he offers the explanation that "being under-margined is not a violation of the customer involved, but rather a violation of the firm

SPY'S OFFICIAL IDIOT'S GUIDE TO COMMODITIES TRADING*

- Buyer agrees to purchase a certain amount of a commodity (e.g. cattle or soybeans) at some date in the future, for a preset price.

- If the market price for that commodity DROPS during that period, the buyer is still obligated to pay the prearranged price, and loses money.

- If the market price for that commodity RISES, the seller is obligated to honor the prearranged price, and the buyer makes a profit.

THE PROCESS:

1. Customer places order with local commodities broker.

2. Broker writes order, time stamps it, and phones it to the floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange.

3. Floor phone person writes order, time stamps it, and sends it to broker in the trading pit.

4. Floor broker executes trade and returns order slip to phone person.

5. Phone person time stamps the order slip again, and notifies local broker that the trade is completed.

6. Local broker time stamps his order slip again, and tells the customer that his trade has been executed.

GLOSSARY:

Margin call: A margin is money the customer puts up as collateral against potential losses. When the account is depleted to the point where such losses may exceed available funds, the customer is required to add more cash to his account.

*source: *The New York Times*, *USA Today*

where the customer's account is held." Granted. And, in fact, in 1979 Refco was fined \$250,000 by the Merc for margin violations (at the time, the largest fine ever levied for commodity trading violations).

Still, how likely was it that Refco would take such a risk on behalf of a neophyte customer?

Not very, according to Gerald Celente, director of the Trends Institute in Rhinebeck, New York, and a former trader with Refco. "I cannot believe that Refco would back her losses and cover her margin call," Celente says. "When I was dealing with them, they always demanded immediate payment for margins. I had to pay promptly, or else they would have closed my account....Sure, had I been given the same treatment [Hillary] got, I would have cleaned up, too."

And just what *did* happen to other Refco customers who didn't keep up their margins? Last year, *USA Today* reported that, on July 12—the same day Hillary avoided a *more than* \$90,000 deficit—Refco customer Stanley Greenwood's investments "were liquidated when he failed to post \$48,000 to cover his losses." And in a suit filed against none other than Red Bone himself, another customer, Randall Barnes, said he had to give Bone a mortgage on his farm in 1978 to cover his trading losses.

The future First Lady, on the other hand, appears to be excused from such requirements.

Additionally, the records indicate that a good percentage of Hillary's trades were executed near the day's extremes—the market's high and low points. On her last big trade, in July 1979, Hillary sold 50 live cattle contracts just 12 cents from the high price of the day. And how far did the market drop? The maximum \$1.50 limit imposed by regulations.

One cannot make better moves as an investor, according to Jack Hughes and other experienced traders. Even the fact that she began trading just after the market took an incredible upswing and got out just before it collapsed seems suspicious.

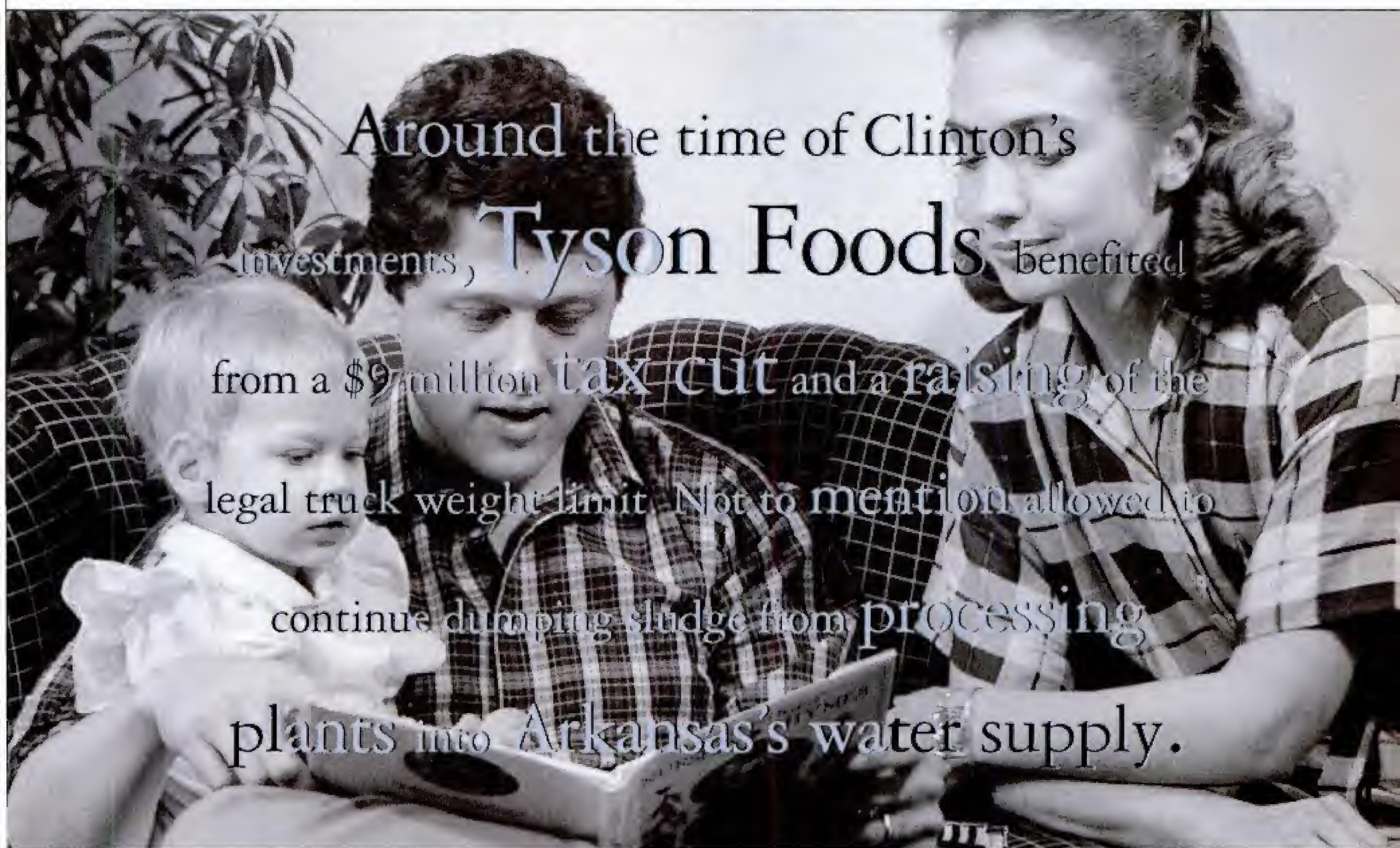
So why, for God's sake, did she stop at all? Imagine that you're on the biggest winning streak of all time; you've started with a mere \$1,000 and built it up to 100 times that much. Would *you* quit? In 1978, Hillary's salary from the Rose Law Firm was a mere \$24,250. Her hus-

With the Clintons relative newcomers to the White House, and with health care taking full priority in the press, the initial response to such inquiry was that the First Lady was being attacked for being "a new type of presidential spouse, a major policymaker." Others blamed conservatives for setting out to destroy her credibility.

Things are different now, however. With reelection looming large on the

up only one suspicious character: Red Bone, who was later suspended for three years for allocating winning trades to favored customers while dumping the losers on others. Sound familiar?

And, in 1982, Refco was found guilty by an Arkansas jury of manipulating the market in cattle futures during the summer and fall of 1979—the exact period during which Hillary reaped her largest profits. Not to worry, however:



Around the time of Clinton's investments, **Tyson Foods** benefited from a \$9 million tax cut and a raising of the legal truck weight limit. Not to mention allowed to continue dumping sludge from processing plants into Arkansas's water supply.

band's salary as Arkansas attorney general was \$26,500—accounting for their family income of \$50,750. Therefore, at the successful trading rate of \$120,000 a year, it would seem absurd to quit because the process had become "too nerve-wracking," as Hillary put it.

Although the financial scenarios presented to SPY in this article were hypothetical, why has there not been a more thorough investigation—especially in light of the fact that much suspicion still surrounds these events?

political horizon, with national health care seemingly cooling on the back burner, and with Hillary reluctantly accepting a more traditional interpretation of a First Lady's duties, what excuse would there be for *not* further investigating the matter?

Dan O'Day offers an obvious solution: "Just compare Mrs. Clinton's trades with the other trades in the Refco office during the same period. The exchanges and regulators should have done it a long time ago."

So far, an investigation has turned

The verdict was later overturned by a federal appeals court. And no further investigation has since taken place.

Is this an old story? Are we merely adding steam to Melamed's "tempest in a teapot"? Consider the jittery statement a "top Administration official" told *Time* magazine for its July 24th story on the latest Whitewater hearings: "It's not Whitewater [the White House] is worried about. It's Hillary's finances. They're worried about the \$100,000 she made."

So are we. **D**

SPW



HOLLYWOOD

Screenwriter

With **Quentin Tarantino** raking in \$650,000 to write *two* jokes for the *Crimson Tide* script and Shane Black unloading his screenplays for \$4 million, more and more aspiring players are turning towards their Powerbooks as the ticket to

Hollywood gold. For better or worse, 99.99 percent of these people will fail miserably. How, then, does one determine whether he or she is part of the other .01

percent? As a service to wannabe screen hacks, SPY presents the official

Screenwriter Aptitude Test (SAT). Using our vast network of industry spies, we procured the scripts to two yet-to-be-produced star vehicles of Hollywood's highest-paid actor and actress: **Sylvester Stallone** (\$17.5 million for *Daylight*) and **Demi Moore** (\$12.5 million for *Striptease*). The following questions are all taken from actual dialogue and screen directions from these two future **blockbusters.**

Since you, the reader, have yet to see either movie, this will be a test of your instincts rather than your knowledge. Use only a Mont Blanc Meisterstuck pen and take no more than five working days to complete the exam. Good luck, and we'll call you. Ciao.



Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck

Aptitude Test

Part I



STRIPTease: A Demi Moore Vehicle

The PLOT in 200 Words:

Erin Grant is a stripper because she needs money to pay for an appeal to regain custody of her daughter from her drug-addicted ex-husband. One night at the club, a drunken congressman, Dave Dilbeck, wearing a fake moustache and dark glasses, beats a customer over the head with a champagne bottle. Jerry Killian, a nerd obsessed with Erin, offers to help her get her daughter back by blackmailing Dilbeck, whom he recognized as the assailant. Dilbeck has Killian murdered. Garcia, a homicide detective, finds the body and traces it back to Erin. They become friends and agree to help each other. Dilbeck becomes obsessed with Erin and offers to help her with her daughter in exchange for a private strip show. She accepts. Erin and Garcia eventually learn that Dilbeck is not only responsible for the murder, but also for helping a crime family called the Rojos, who control Florida's sugar crops, get around migrant labor laws. Dilbeck plans to seduce Erin, but the Rojos are plotting to kill her. At the end, TV reporters arrive just in time to find Dilbeck trying to rape Erin. She is reunited with her daughter and they live happily ever after.

Section I: Making the Scene

A screenwriter must be able to create scenes which simultaneously develop the characters and advance the plot. Guess which one of the following scenes has *not* been taken word-for-word from the script:

1.(A) THE STRIP CLUB AFTER CLOSING TIME. ORLY, THE OWNER OF "THE EAGER BEAVER," HAS GATHERED THE DANCERS—ERIN, URBANA, AND ARIEL—TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

ORLY: Important announcement—on Monday, I'm installing a ring...

URBANA: Mud wrestling?

ERIN: Orly, don't even think about it.

ARIEL: In Israel, we have hummus wrestling.

ORLY: Mud wrestling is passe! And I don't know what hummus is. But we're going to do something really special—it's huge in West Palm and Tampa—and that's creamed corn wrestling!

(B) THE EAGER BEAVER'S RIVAL CLUB, THE FLESH FARM. CONGRESSMAN DILBECK; HIS FLUNKY, ERB; A CRIME BOSS, CHRIS ROJO; AND THE FLESH FARM'S OWNER, MR. LING, ARE WATCHING THE STRIPPERS.

CHRIS: Ling! We have a bet: Lorelei's boobs—real or Memorex?

LING: At Flesh Farm is all real!

DILBECK: I knew it!

ERB: Davey, we gotta go.

DILBECK: Mr. Ling, lemme 'duce myself—I'm Larry

Looper and I'd like the privilege of humping Miss Lorelei immediately after this wonderful presentation.

LING: She doesn't date customers, Larry, I'm sorry. But I can do better—the Wu sisters, dancers from Singapore.

DILBECK: Singapore! Will they cane me?

LING: That's extra!

(C) DILBECK'S CAR. HE AND ERB ARE SPYING ON ERIN AND HER DAUGHTER WITH BINOCULARS.

DILBECK: I want every square inch of that moist, succulent...

ERB: Davey, you promised...

DILBECK: This is love. I won't campaign unless I can plunge deep into that magnificent creature. No debates, no speeches.

ERB: You can't be serious.

DILBECK: And until I have her actual pink, juicy self, I want something of hers to tide me over. Something personal.

ERB: How personal?

DILBECK: *Intensely* personal.

(D) All three scenes are genuine.

2.(A) DILBECK'S YACHT. DILBECK AND MALCOLM, HIS ADVISER, ARE DISCUSSING ERIN'S UPCOMING \$5,000 PRIVATE STRIP SESSION FOR THE CONGRESSMAN.

DILBECK: For five thousand dollars, I expect to get laid. That's only human.

MALCOLM: Davey, I want you to listen to me...

DILBECK: She doesn't know what it is to make love to a congressman. The ecstasy, the wonder...

MALCOLM: She's been meeting with a cop. I told her not to...

DILBECK: Maybe it's the Tittie Squad.

(B) DILBECK'S YACHT. ERIN IS DANCING.

DILBECK: Mother of mercy!

ERIN: You like this song?

DILBECK: Yes, ma'am.

ERIN: It's called "Whipping Post."

DILBECK: Well, I've been such a bad boy. I believe I could use a whipping.

ERIN: It's just a song, Davey.

DILBECK: Gimme...

(C) THE FLORIDA SUGAR CANE FIELDS. DILBECK HAS ERIN PINNED TO THE GROUND AND IS TEARING OFF HER DRESS. HE HOLDS A MACHETE TO HER CHEEK.

DILBECK: Don't wiggle, baby, or you're going to get hurt.

ERIN: Get off...

DILBECK: Who do you think you're dealing with, some geek at the club? I'm a United States congressman.

Lyndon Johnson used to take out his pecker and say, "Look at that. Is that Presidential or what?..." Beg for it.

ERIN: No chance.

DILBECK: BEG FOR IT!

(D) All three scenes are genuine.



Section II: Details, Details

In order to make a screenplay read believably, the writer must have a keen eye for detail. In the following questions, choose the fact that the writer actually included in the script:

1A. In order to satisfy his unrequited cravings for Erin, Congressman Dilbeck sends his henchman to steal something "intensely personal" of Erin's, so that he may have sex with it. What does he even-

tually fornicate?

- (A) her unwashed panties
- (B) the stockings she dances in
- (C) a lace bra
- (D) her black patent-leather high-heel shoes
- (E) the lint from her clothes drier

1B. Dilbeck's henchman, Erb, walks in on Dilbeck as he is violating {the answer to 1A}. What is Dilbeck wearing?

- (A) a Little Bo Peep costume
- (B) cowboy boots, boxers, a leather vest, and Vaseline on his legs
- (C) a pink bra and panties
- (D) nothing
- (E) a sport coat and slacks with the crotch cut out

2. Shad, the bouncer at the Eager Beaver, brags to two of Dilbeck's guards that both Kim Basinger and Meryl Streep were dancers at the club. What was Meryl's stage name?

- (A) Meryl Mountains
- (B) Nipsy Russell
- (C) Chesty LaFrance
- (D) Heidi Hough
- (E) Summer Rayne

3. In addition to Kim Basinger and Meryl Streep, which celebrity names are also dropped in the movie?

- (A) Richard Nixon, Ted Koppel, Michael Jordan, Don Shula, and Cindy Crawford
- (B) Harrison Ford, Frank Perdue, Donald Trump, Donna Rice, Gennifer Flowers, and Marla Maples
- (C) Abraham Lincoln, George Bush, Barbara Bush, Don Johnson, and Perry Mason
- (D) Jerry Lewis, Sammy Davis Jr., Kenny G, Lyndon Johnson, and Princess Di
- (E) all of the above

Section III: Snappy Dialogue

Intelligent dialogue is crucial to story development. In each of the following examples, complete the line of dialogue with the actual missing phrase:

1A. Orly is dissatisfied with the strippers's performances. He says: "All I want is an effort.

Tonight I saw a guy fast asleep,
_____."

- (A) so you girls have to pay more attention to the schmucks in the back rows



- (B) and all he'd had to drink was Pepsi
- (C) and Urbana was practically slapping him with her tits
- (D) and he's one of our highest-tipping customers
- (E) his face maybe a foot away from Monique's muff

1B. Orly compares his dancers to his rival clubs's:
"Their girls dance fast; fast means sweat, sweat means drinking.

- From now on I want to see _____."
- (A) some real hoofin'
 - (B) your absolute best effort
 - (C) your boobs flyin'
 - (D) more lesbo stuff
 - (E) you shakin' it in their faces

2. Alberto, Erin's lecherous ex-brother-in-law, is describing the litter of wolves he's raising:

"Six babies and the only male is albino.
You should see _____."

- (A) how much friggin' Alpo he eats
- (B) his little pink eyes
- (C) the way he humps Rita's leg
- (D) the fangs on that little bastard
- (E) the size of this little guy's nuts

3. After Alberto refuses to tell Erin where Darrell has taken her daughter, she knees him and stands over him with a pot of boiling coffee:

"You tell me where that child is or _____."

- (A) I'll hurt you, I swear to God I will
- (B) I'll mocha Brasilia your nuts
- (C) I'll give you a latte enema
- (D) I'll give you a Folgers facial
- (E) else

4. When Erin refuses to dance unless Orly raises the room temperature to 70 degrees, Orly, who keeps the room chilly because "cold air makes your nips stand out," retorts,

"Who are you all of a sudden, the _____ of tits?"

- (A) Cesar Chavez

- (B) Ralph Nader
- (C) Susan B. Anthony
- (D) Karl Marx
- (E) Adlai Stevenson

5. When detective Garcia first shows Erin a picture of Congressman Dilbeck without his disguise, Erin remarks "Who is it? Looks like _____."

- (A) a real weirdo
- (B) that guy from the Hair Club for Men
- (C) my uncle
- (D) that guy from "F Troop"
- (E) my senior prom date

6. After Erin performs a private dance for Congressman Dilbeck for \$2,000, she allows him to hold her hand.

Shuddering, he says, "Just the touch of your hand and _____."

- (A) my heart starts beating like a jackhammer
- (B) I break out in a river of cold sweat
- (C) shivers shoot up and down my spine
- (D) my head starts swimming
- (E) my dick's on fire

7. During Erin's next private performance for Dilbeck, he is mistakenly convinced that she will sleep with him.

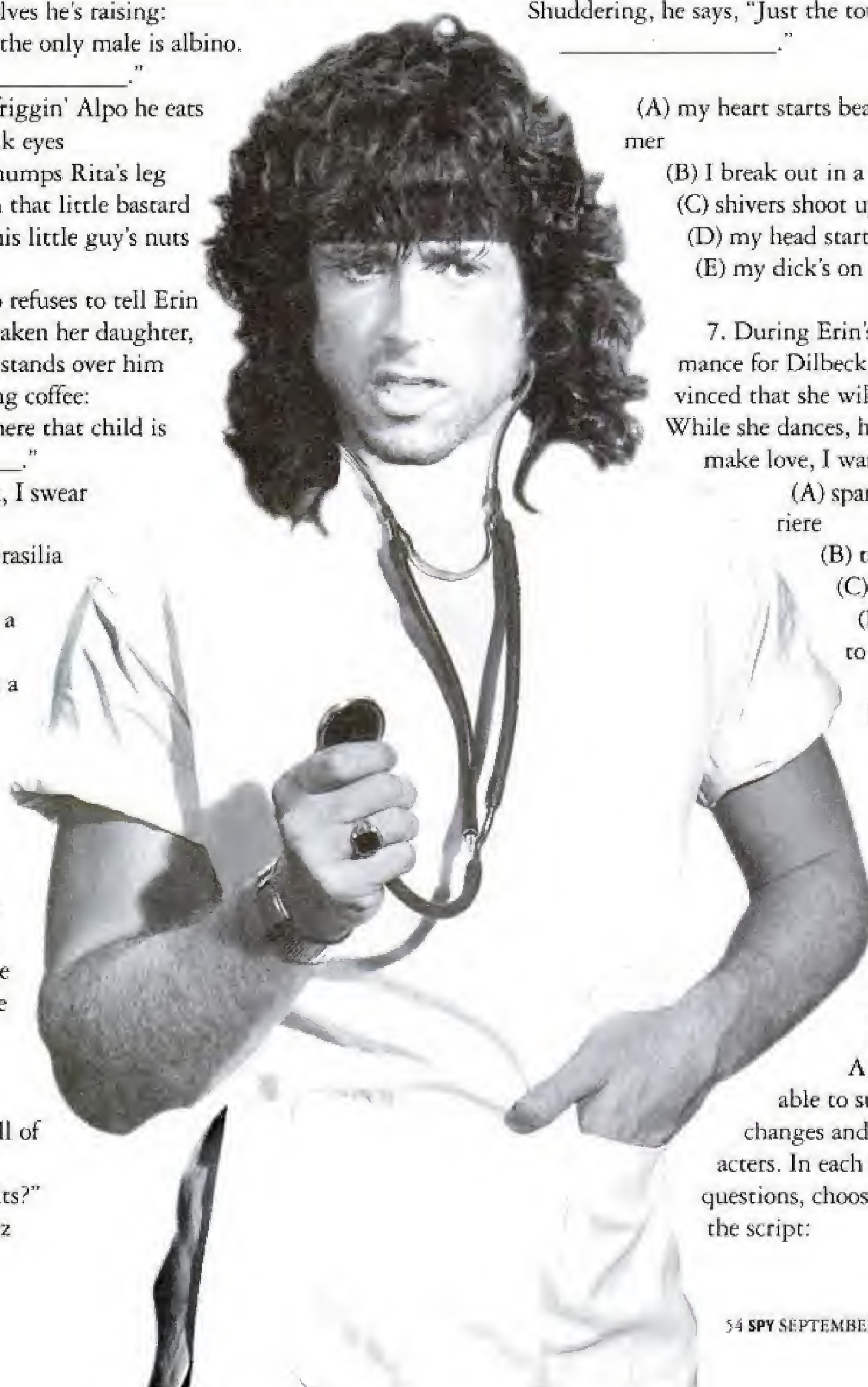
While she dances, he says, "Before we make love, I want to _____."

- (A) spank your naughty derriere
- (B) take a long hot bath
- (C) shave you
- (D) lick you from head to toe
- (E) get to know you better



Section IV: What's My Line?

A screenwriter must be able to sustain witty interchanges and retorts between characters. In each of the following questions, choose the actual retort from the script:



1. After Congressman Dilbeck is reminded by his henchmen that he clubbed someone with a bottle, Dilbeck asks if the victim was white.

The henchman replies:

- (A) "White as your grandmother's ass!"
- (B) "After you got through with him, he was dark red."
- (C) "I don't see why that's relevant."
- (D) "No, it was the last of the Mohicans. Fucking Chingachacook."
- (E) "As a matter of fact, he was, Mr. Sheet-Head!"

2. When Erin first meets congressman Dilbeck, she says, "Good evening, I'm Erin Grant. And you must be..." To which he replies:

- (A) "Your knight in shining armor."
- (B) "I'm Congressbeck Dilman... Dildo... Dilbeck."
- (C) "Hung like a giraffe."

(D) "Dilbeck. David Dilbeck. At your service."

(E) "Finger-lickin' good."

3. Orly, owner of the Eager Beaver, and Shad the bouncer are discussing the side effects of Prozac, impotence in particular.

Orly comments:

- (A) "Who cares? I haven't had a hard-on since I started running this place. Except once at Sea World, a porpoise got me hot."
- (B) "In this business, potency is a liability. It's hard to do business with a boner."
- (C) "Not me, buddy. I could take ten of those pills and you'd still break a Ginsu knife on my pecker."
- (D) "Tell me about it. That shit started happening to me, so my shrink put me on Zoloft."
- (E) "I'd rather be miserable with a hard-on than happy with a softee."

Part II



DAYLIGHT: A Sylvester Stallone Vehicle

The PLOT in 200 Words:

Two neo-Nazis drive a stolen Lexus into the back of a truck carrying contraband chemicals through the Holland Tunnel. The accident causes an explosion which kills most of the people in the tunnel and traps the rest. The explosion also releases a toxic fire that is quickly using up the oxygen in the tunnel. Kit Latura, an ex-EMS chief, is driving a cab near the tunnel when the explosion occurs, and he leaps into action. Against the orders of the bureaucrats who took away his job, Latura takes charge of the rescue mission and enters the tunnel. Along the way he falls for a beautiful, streetwise public defender who is trapped along with a group of inner-city kids, a dysfunctional wealthy family, an arrogant millionaire businessman/mountaineer, a couple with a dog, and a heroic tunnel worker. Despite a series of calamities, Latura leads the survivors to safety. In the film's final sequence, Latura and his new love interest use a high-tech explosive hot-wired with a car battery to blast their way through the tunnel roof and ride the explosion through mud and water to land safe and sound in the middle of the Hudson River.

Section I: Action Move Recycling

Part of being a bankable Hollywood screenwriter is being an expert recycler. Many scenes from *Daylight* are reminiscent, if not directly lifted from, various action movies. In each of the following questions, pick the most likely source.

1. Stallone's character, Kit Latura, is a maverick civil servant who has been suspended from his duties because he broke the rules, just like

- (A) Bruce Willis as John McClane in *Die Hard With a Vengeance*.
- (B) Clint Eastwood as Harry Callahan in *Dirty Harry*.
- (C) Steven Seagal as Nico Toscani in *Above the Law*.

(D) Mel Gibson as Martin Riggs in *Lethal Weapon*.

(E) Wesley Snipes as John Cutter in *Passenger 57*.

2. Latura takes a businessman on a wild cab ride through crowded New York streets, just like in

- (A) *Die Hard With a Vengeance*.
- (B) *Action Jackson*.
- (C) *Bullitt*.
- (D) *Terminator 2: Judgement Day*.
- (E) *Terminal Velocity*.

3A. During one action sequence, Latura is trapped in an underground tunnel that is rapidly filling with water, just

like in

- (A) *Die Hard With a Vengeance.*
- (B) *The Fugitive.*
- (C) *True Lies.*
- (D) *Speed.*
- (E) *Time Cop.*

3B. But just in the nick of time, Latura gets shot out of the tunnel on a geyser of water, just like in

- (A) *Die Hard With a Vengeance.*
- (B) *Crimson Tide.*
- (C) *Johnny Mnemonic.*
- (D) *Drop Zone.*
- (E) *Total Recall.*



Section II: The Action Movie Quip

Every good action star has to be able to spout catchy, devil-may-care witticisms in the face of almost certain death. In the following questions, pick the one genuine quip from the five possible choices.

1. The only way down into the tunnel is through a series of giant fans which could easily slice a man in half. Grace, a tunnel engineer, is explaining the situation to Latura: "You don't come out on the roadway, you come out under it, in the intake duct. We can't shut the fans down a second time.... It'll be like a hurricane in there." Latura responds:

- (A) "And I just combed my hair."
- (B) "That's okay—I'm from Miami."
- (C) "I like a cool breeze on a hot night."
- (D) "What are you trying to do, scare me or something?"
- (E) "I'm gettin' too old for this shit."

2. In order to stop the river from flooding the tunnel, Latura needs to seal off one end of the tunnel by partially caving it in with a powerful explosive. As he lays down the wire from the explosive to the trigger, he sees that the length of wire is too short for him to safely trigger the detonator. He mutters:

- (A) "Least I'll get a good tan."
- (B) "They better have Advil in heaven."
- (C) "Is it too late to buy life insurance?"
- (D) "Budget cuts."
- (E) "I'm gettin' way too old for this shit."

3. After Latura detonates the lead azide, the survivors are nearly crushed by a hurtling tanker truck full of milk, which is spraying everywhere. He jests:

- (A) "Hey, did anyone bring Oreos?"
- (B) "Now I know how the Cheerios feel."
- (C) "You never outgrow your need for milk."
- (D) "I guess the cows finally came home."

(E) "I'm really gettin' way too old for this shit."

4A. As the tunnel is caving in, Latura's love interest, Madelaine, takes off her blouse and rolls it into a makeshift rope, which she lowers to Latura to hoist him out of the rising waters. Latura pulls himself up, but the blouse rips and Madelaine plunges into the water. As she surfaces, she quips:

- (A) "Never, never buy Donna Karan off the rack."
- (B) "You think Bloomie's will take that back?"
- (C) "I've been looking for a sleeveless blouse."
- (D) "I didn't know you did alterations, Latura."
- (E) "Next time, I'll wear nylon."

4B. Madelaine realizes that with the water rising, there was no need to pull Latura up in the first place. Exasperated, she asks why he let her tear off her blouse. He chuckles:

- (A) "You look so cute when you're angry and naked."
- (B) "For years I haven't been able to get a woman to take her clothes off to save my life."
- (C) "We're half an hour late, and you're still not dressed yet?"
- (D) "I wanted a taste of heaven before we get blown to hell."
- (E) "Have I mentioned that I'm gettin' too old for this shit?"

5. After they are safe on dry land, Latura asks Madelaine out on a date. She accepts. Then Latura adds rakishly:

- (A) "I hope I won't have to blast my way into your tunnel."
- (B) "Just promise me if we ever go to Disney World, you won't take me on 'The Pirates of the Caribbean.'"
- (C) "I know this great seafood restaurant...."
- (D) "OK. But if we go to Jersey, we're taking a bridge."
- (E) "This is the shit I'm not too old for." ☺


Answer Key



Part I, Sec. I: 1) D 2) D
Sec II: 1A) E 1B) B 2) C 3) E
Sec. III: 1A) E 1B) C 2) E 3) B 4)
A 5) D 6) E 7) C
Sec. IV: 1) D 2) B 3) A

Part II, Sec. I: 1) A 2) A 3A) A 3B) A
Sec II: 1) C 2) D 3) C 4A) A 4B) B 5) D

SCORING: Add 1 point for each correct answer, 0 points for each incorrect answer. 27–23 points: Write? You're ready to direct! 22–16 points: Get an agent. Now. If you don't make the call, we will. 15–10 points: Is there a script doctor in the house? You're not ready for the big leagues yet, but there's a job for you in development somewhere. 9–1 point: Thanks for your interest, we'll keep your résumé on file. 0 points: Forget it. There is an outside chance that you might have some genuine talent.



THE NEW YORKER

When a Magazine Wins Awards
But Loses Money,
The Only Success Is the Editor's
Private One.

GIAM

If you thought all that celebrity, brevity, color, fashion, and photography flowing from its hip pages was actually *working*, think again. As the "new" *New Yorker* meanders through its third year under Tina Brown's reign, staffers and contributors offer a far different portrait than the one Condé Nast spin doctors like to paint. By GREG EASLEY

T

he biggest canard about Newhouse's ownership of *The New Yorker*," says *Harper's* president and publisher John MacArthur, "is that they came in and rescued an ailing magazine. In fact, they came in and wrecked a healthy, profitable one."

MacArthur is right, after all. In 1984, the year before S.I. Newhouse purchased it for \$170 million, *The New Yorker* showed a year-end profit of about \$5 million. In fact, for most of its 60-year history prior to the sale, the magazine had managed to strike a healthy balance between editorial integrity and strong business performance. But look what's happened since:

- Ad pages have dropped from about 3,500 in 1984 to 2,100 in 1994, according to *Media Industry Newsletter*.

- The renewal rate (percentage of people resubscribing) has slid from 75.5 percent to 66.8 percent in the same period, according to *The New Yorker's* own published statements.

- Efforts to increase circulation—including mass mailings, television commercials, and subscriptions discounted as low as 32 cents an issue—appear to have worked. While the magazine's rate base has increased to more than 800,000, however, the cost of luring and then maintaining so many new readers has been staggering. One former *New Yorker* executive "well acquainted with the magazine's finances," reported Thomas Maier in his biography of S.I. Newhouse, "estimated that the added costs of promotion and other gimmicks totaled \$13 million, far exceeding whatever financial gains the magazine had made."

Condé Nast's response to these numbers? Tom Florio, president of *The New Yorker*, takes the smartest route and sim-

ply refuses to discuss revenues. Instead, he gives the usual upbeat response about turning profitable "in a year or two." And Executive Editor Hendrik Hertzberg, whose spin mastery may stem from his days as a speechwriter for Jimmy Carter, is also optimistic. He believes that the "old" *New Yorker* did not move quickly to stave off competition, and that the "new" *New Yorker* has a damn good chance of surviving.

"By the time Newhouse bought the magazine...it was one more piranha fish in a tank full of them," Hertzberg says. "Sure, I think somebody had to rescue it. I think somebody had to be prepared to stay with it through a pretty lengthy dark period, financially."

Dark, indeed. After 10 years of Newhouse's rule, media executives, including John MacArthur, estimate *The New Yorker's* losses to be around \$15 million a year.



T

hree weeks into researching this article, I get a call from Tina Brown's publi-

cist, Maurie Perl. Though I had yet to make any formal interview requests, Perl politely offers her services; she even suggests I might have the opportunity to interview her boss. If Tina had indeed gotten wind of the contributors I'd contacted, she was apparently just a

little bit nervous about what was being said behind her back. And, I might add, with good reason.

Amidst the many faxes and phone calls I had already received were these comments:

Garrison Keillor: "I can't tell you much about Tina's *New Yorker*—for the same reason I don't have much to say about *Les Misérables* or *The Bridges of Madison County*. One's interest in bad work is limited, really."

Eric Utne: "I enjoy Tina Brown's magazine, but I miss

The New Yorker, because I really don't think it's the same magazine."

Tony Hiss: "[*The New Yorker*] used to be more like a small town that people moved to, pretty much for life. But now it's like a small town that a new highway opened up near."

And there are several more. Admittedly, not all of them are bad, but even when praise is offered it seems tainted with a bitter aftertaste. "The problem with writing about the magazine is that there's a public assumption that people are pissed off," says longtime contributor Roger Angell. "In fact, it's a series of individual stories."

Construction on Brown's infotainment superhighway began when she took over as editor in September 1992, and almost immediately, her changes were wrought with all the subtlety of a steamroller. The contents page expanded; color illustrations were added; scent strips slipped in; new artists and writers were transplanted to replace the clear-cut swaths of staff; and fashion photographer Richard Avedon's photographs (not to mention Marky Mark) appeared for the first time. The once almost-priggish *New Yorker* began to engage in a sort of weekly lap dance for readers and the media, with unblushing acts of exhibitionism that included a six-page O.J. photo spread (complete with shirtless Kato), a 248-page "fashion issue," and a host of profiles that read like literary adaptations of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*.

In Tina Brown's newly fashionable fiefdom, two generations of courtiers are struggling to protect their interests. On one side are the old-guard writers who migrated to *The New Yorker* decades ago because it then towered over mass-market magazines it now slouches towards. On the other is an ascendant generation of contributors who view the magazine as a font of prestige pumping with new life.

Longtime contributor Tony Hiss and thirtysomething writer John Seabrook both echo a fairly common sentiment that Tina's editorial and visual changes were long overdue. "The changes seem more vivid simply because they came all at once, rather than gradually," Hiss says. Seabrook adds that the revamped magazine necessarily overlaps with *Vanity*

Tina's obsession with Hollywood led to a profile of Albert Brooks



that a prominent writer describes as "two columns of non-stop endorsements."

Fair; otherwise young media buyers would ignore it. (And no ads, no *New Yorker*.) But, as he vividly explains, there's a limit.

"The patient was moribund, far more diseased internally than the face led you to believe," Seabrook analogizes. "And the new doctor has had to take drastic measures to revive it—including regular colonics of power and celebrity. Now that the patient seems to be getting healthier, hopefully the Barry Diller enemas can be cut back."

Given Tina's much-publicized obsession with Hollywood and Washington, D.C., however, those

cutbacks aren't likely to happen anytime soon.

"There have been stories in which celebrity quotes have been pumped into the first few paragraphs to try to establish the importance of a subject if the subject itself was not sufficiently topical," one longtime contributor says. "An outstanding example is a profile that Allison Rose did of Albert Brooks. Tina thought that [Brooks] wasn't very well known, so therefore you had to have famous people delivering encomiums to him. It ended up being two columns of non-stop endorsements. This happens

again and again."

Which isn't necessarily a bad thing, particularly for writers who earn their well-paid keep profiling famous and powerful people. A prime example is media columnist Ken Auletta, a former network television political commentator and husband of über-agent Binky Urban.

"The previous *New Yorker* largely didn't recognize the existence of television," Auletta says. "Television has this profound effect upon the populace, and to ignore it is crazy. I always thought that *USA Today* had the right idea.... Literally, when a plotline changes on a sitcom, [*USA Today*] will write about it because they know millions of people are watching [that show]."

Given their mutual interests, the fact that

Auletta and Tina Brown have a good working relationship should come as no surprise.

"I think that Tina Brown has reinvigorated the magazine," Auletta says. "People are reading it more, talking about it more." One of the major improvements he cites is a willingness to run shorter, snappier pieces—unlike "those three- or four-part [stories] that went on eternally, that people collected as trophies on their coffee tables but didn't read."

Come to think of it, that would explain why a writer from the pre-Tina days suspects his work is no longer being solicited because "there were a lot of high-profile people wanting to write for her. I think she felt that there was probably going to be less space in the magazine that she was evolving or moving toward.... There would be less space for somebody writing these starchy pieces and profiles of people who maybe weren't all that riveting."

As riveting, perhaps, as a *USA Today* subject?

Aspiriring to peer into the centers of celebrity and political power, even for *The New Yorker*, may be a worthwhile goal. But how about trading editorial control for access to such power? Last year, *SPY* reported that, in 1986, while editing *Vanity Fair*, Tina Brown wrote a letter to Nancy Reagan asking her to be photographed for a special *VF* feature. In the letter, Brown assured the First Lady that she would have "an early opportunity to approve the photos and the text."

Now consider recent events inside *The New Yorker*: In the May 8th issue, Tina ran "Violence As Style," a Comment piece in which Adam Gopnik relates the Oklahoma City bombing to the violent culture that produced it. A week later, in the Letters section, one can find the following under "Department of Amplification":

In a comment on the Oklahoma City bombing, I took a swipe at Norman Mailer for what I called his "praise" of "two kids for killing a candy-store owner"—which might be read to imply that Mailer approved of an actual murder by actual kids of an actual store owner.... Murder still seems to me altogether cowardly even when it's hypothetical, but I'm persuaded that Mailer was trying to make a subtler and more complicated point than my summary version of it suggested.

The letter was signed, "Adam Gopnik, New York City."

Forget, if you will, that groveling retractions like this would never have appeared in *The New Yorker* of old (the magazine didn't even have a letters section). More to the point is why it appeared in the first place. An inside source explains: "On Monday, the day after the Comment piece was published, Mailer calls up and screams at Tina Brown. The next day, Tina and Hendrik Hertzberg review the disputed Mailer essay and decide that the author has a point. On Thursday, the source says, "Rick [Hertzberg] sits down at the computer and writes up the letter—Rick writes it."

The source's week was not over yet: "When I walked in Friday morning, [an editor] said something to me about whether or not I had seen the final version of the letter, and I thought that the final version had already been done. And they said, 'Oh, well, Mailer didn't like the first version.'"

When presented with a report defending Gopnik's reading of Mailer, the source says, Hertzberg responded: "That's all very well and good, but justice has been done. We've done justice to Mailer." When pressed, however, the editor admitted, "Well, look, it comes down to Mailer's relationship with Tina."

When I ask Hertzberg whether or not the retraction was even *necessary*, he refers to "Gopnik's letter" but then mentions "Mailer's unhappiness with what we had said about him." He goes on to say that Gopnik "was persuaded that he had done Mailer an injustice—well, maybe 'injustice' would be too strong of a word—that he had oversimplified Mailer's view to a point that distorted it."

As for Tina's involvement in the retraction, Hertzberg explains, "It's only human to want to keep your contributors happy ... I



Celebrity-in-Chief: At *The New Yorker's* 70th anniversary party, Tina hobnobs with both actors and benefactors. Here with original sugar daddy Harold Evans (left), the literary Harrison Ford (middle), and boss S.I. Newhouse.

think Mailer would have preferred—in fact, I *know* Mailer would have preferred—a far more comprehensive retraction.”

MacArthur argues that you don't have to be schlocky to make money. But he knows

O

ne writer who has no reason to worry about his relationship with Tina Brown and *The New Yorker*—he severed it three years ago—is former Talk of the Town columnist Garrison Keillor. Since the day Tina

Brown took over, which is also the day he quit, Keillor has established a consistent media campaign from which to launch his salvos. In a recent *Los Angeles Times* editorial, Keillor explained that “if some ditzzy American editor went to London, took over the *Spectator*, and turned it into, say, *In Your Face: A Magazine of Mucus*, there would be an uproar. But here in America, we expect turnover.”

Also on the outside looking in, though generally much more diplomatic about it, is Holly Brubach. *The New Yorker's* fashion writer when Tina arrived, Brubach moved on to become style editor at the *New York Times Magazine* because, she says, “it became clear to me that Tina and I weren't going to work out together...what she was interested in is not what I do well.”

Evidently, Tina wasn't interested in preserving *The New Yorker's* unique legacy of standoffish, incisive fashion reporting. Brubach was only the third in the bloodline, after Lois Long and Kennedy Frasier. Still, fashion is doing considerably better than the cartoons, which have steadily decreased in number since Brown took over.

“[The cartoons] have really been overshadowed by all the graphics in the magazine, and all the color,” says cartoonist Robert Weber. “I'm just glad that we don't have cartoons in color like *Playboy*.”

Weber says he doesn't feel slighted by the changes in general, although he's not too pleased that about the magazine's failure to run some of his cartoons—particularly the ones it has already paid for. A contributor since 1962, he has observed the magazine's overall decline in quality: “There's a kind of

wonderful subtlety and charm that the magazine doesn't have anymore.”

One of Weber's peers (who sadly stated that, were he to be quoted by name, his career there would be over) expresses even greater frustration: “I think of what I do now for *The New Yorker* as a hobby. It used to be a calling. But there's no dignity involved....It's just a sleazy operation, with moments of real value.”

It's clear that *The New Yorker's* relationship to its contributors—writers and illustrators alike—has been fundamentally altered. Art Spiegelman, perhaps more than any other artist, has helped identify the magazine's new look; yet he considers himself to be far from a permanent fixture. “What's ironic

is that I'm identified with the magazine—but I could leave it in five minutes,” he says, adding that, at any given moment, his relationship to *The New Yorker* could “blow up.”

Consider biographer Thomas Kunke's description of the magazine's original editor, in *Genius in Disguise*: “[Harold] Ross had a respect for creative people that bordered on veneration. Everyone else, himself included, was meant to be in their service.” Ross's successor, William Shawn, was held in such high esteem that 154 contributors and staffers—J.D. Salinger included—signed a petition urging Robert Gottlieb, his replacement, to reject the job Newhouse had offered him.

Now consider a present-day staffer's sketch of the same magazine under Tina: “Someone described it as a court; I thought it was very much like a class system. There are those people whom she talks to and looks at, and everyone else is pretty much nonexistent to her. You can hold the door open for her, or say hello to her in the elevator, and she won't respond.”

It's hard to imagine this kind of frigidity being conducive to team spirit. Add the fact that writers, editors, and fact checkers have to work more feverishly than ever to ensure stories's timeliness, and the result is a pretty ragged editorial department. A staff member whose arrival preceded Tina's by several



William Shawn

there's something more here than bad editorship: bad ownership.

years says, "*The New Yorker* was a perfect machine when I got here...but that's changed. People now feel overworked and underappreciated—and not as proud of the final product."

Even Hertzberg admits there's some truth to these descriptions, although he's quick to point out that Tina—whose editorship he compares to Ralph Graves (*Time*) and charisma to Ben Bradlee (the *Washington Post*)—is far more "collegial" than either Shawn or Gottlieb.

"Tina's a lot more sociable, clubbable, partyable..." Hertzberg says. "[People] can tell themselves that there's some contradiction between that and seriousness and quality, but I'd like to know where the causal relationship is. I don't see it. Having parties and Tina being a celebrity helps the magazine."

At the heart of Tina's would-be defense is the argument that the magazine *had* to change. Otherwise, as Auletta explains, it would risk going the way of the dinosaur. Hoyt Spelman, a former business executive at *The New Yorker* who struggled in vain to block the Newhouse purchase, remembers a time when the magazine was a "money machine." Then, according to Spelman, *The New Yorker* spent almost no money on maintaining its circulation—a fact which is certainly no longer true.

"There still have to be a half-million people out there who will subscribe to a magazine of high intentions and standards," Spelman says. "If the country loses those people, well, then it's not worth living in anyway. Instead, executives [at *The New Yorker*] pump the magazine full of steroids and start talking to a lot of people they don't know, and people subscribe to it for reasons other than it's *The New Yorker*."

Like just about everyone else, MacArthur thinks *The New Yorker* could have taken another course. "You don't have to be schlocky and crappy to make money," he says. "And all their pandering to advertisers I don't think is paying off."

But even MacArthur acknowledges that, ultimately, you have to blame the owner: "Tina didn't tell Newhouse to do this; Newhouse asked her to do it. She's got one idea for a magazine—*The Tatler*,

Mailer would

have pre-

ferred a more

comprehensive

retraction,



Hertzberg

says. "It's

only human to

want to keep

your contribu-

tors happy."

Vanity Fair—and he said do it for *The New Yorker*. So what's she going to say? No?"

Hertzberg concurs. "I'd be extremely surprised if we haven't dramatically reduced the rate of revenue loss [under Tina]," he says. Recent increases in mailing and printing costs, he adds, which are particularly damaging to a weekly, are "really not germane to the question of Tina's editorship."

On the other hand, perhaps these facts *are*: Tina continues to have advanced issues of *The New Yorker* hand delivered each Sunday to hundreds of media-savvy people in New York, Washington, and Los

Angeles (*Utne Reader* Editor Eric Utne did tell us he rather enjoyed the cartoons and the press releases Tina Fed-Exes to him each week); she continues to bankroll a staff of about 200; she continues to bill S.I. Newhouse for evermore lavish *New Yorker* fêtes; and she continues to bill herself as the magazine's savior.

Meanwhile, I hear back from Maurie Perl. Anticipating word on a possible interview with Ms. Brown, what I get instead is a faxed 1¼-page bio cataloguing Tina's accomplishments ever since she joined "[one of] *Adweek's* 10

Hottest Magazines of 1993"—a bio that utilizes the terms "honored," "award(s)," or "of-the-year" 19 times. Two days later, I get yet another phone call from Perl—which would *not* be the last—reprimanding me for not interviewing people like David Remnick.

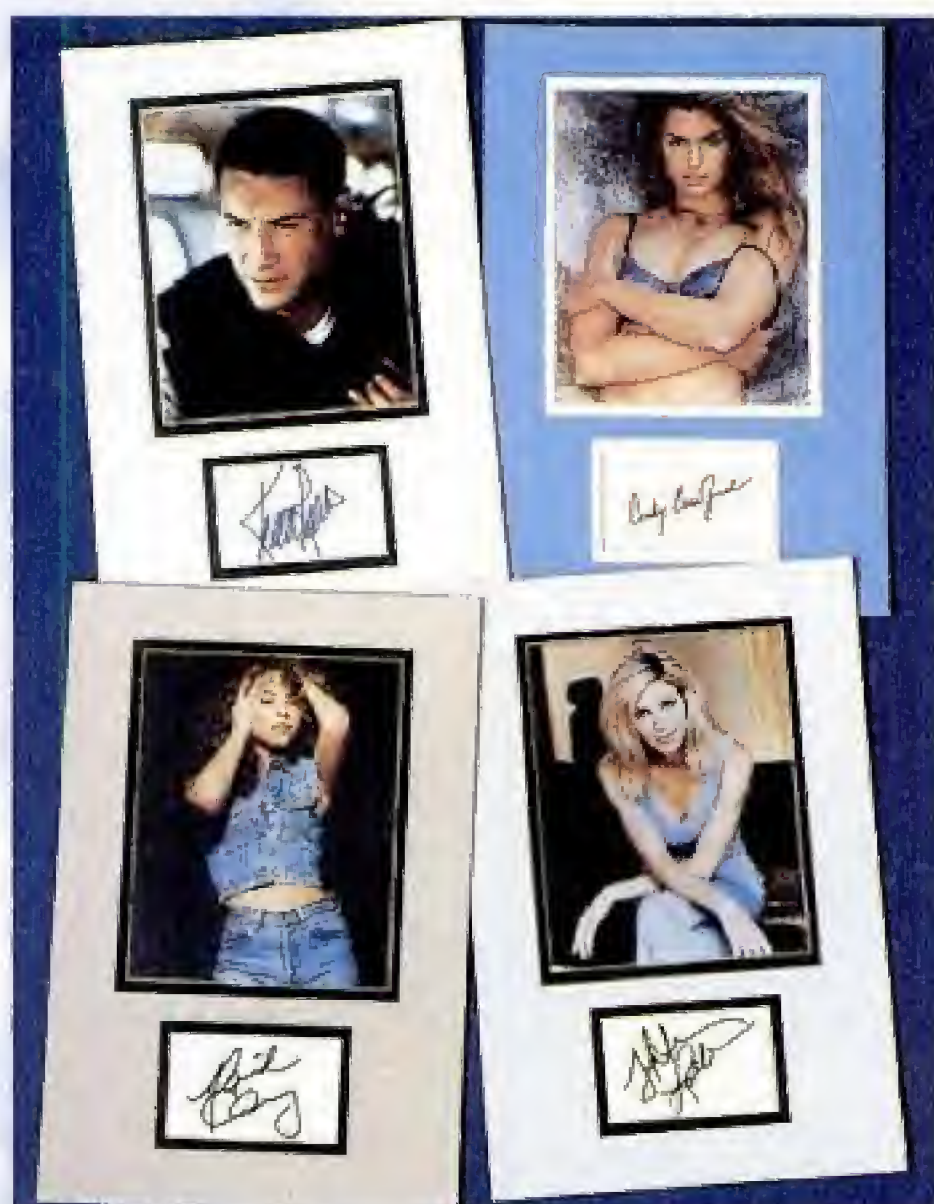
(I did. He gave me a 30 minute lecture in defense of the magazine. Highlight: *My editor before Tina was Ben Bradlee, one of the most charismatic editors of his generation, and he didn't line edit every piece.*)

"So where's Tina?" I ask Perl. Seems that Tina's interest in being interviewed by SPY suddenly vanished—as did Tina, to Europe—the moment the massive PR campaign for this year's fiction issue was complete.

Pity. Doesn't she know that the truth is stranger than fiction? ☹

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Why does everything you read about the fashion world sound like ad copy? Or

ass-kissing on the part of struggling, reborn satirical bi-monthlies to woo reluctant

advertisers? And why are we so obsessed with it anyway? Is it the models? The

jet-setting lifestyle? The ob-so-fabulous parties where everyone is beautiful and


er fashion victim? another

rich and to which none of us will ever be invited?

To answer these and other questions, we asked covert fashion infiltrator

SANDRA BERNHARD *to take us on a tour though the world of haute couture*

and explain it all to us: the magic, the mystery, the asthma inhalers.



Fashion victim? another fa

Photography by Richard Mitchell



Backstage, Kevin is cutting little vinyl eyebrows to glue on the models. The smaller girls are wearing high-beeled boots and baby tees, mimicking desires we don't even want to think about. All around, the phalanx of makeup artists and hair people stress themselves into a perfectionist freak-out. Camera crews from Miami, New York News 1, and Fashion TV are milling about, all of them looking for that immortal backstage moment, hoping to catch someone off-guard amidst all this carefully structured mayhem.

In the front rows of the audience, the editors wait, wearing their Chanel suits, black leather jackets, perennial big sunglasses, and Prada bags. They talk in hushed undertones. Around them, the paparazzi move in for the kill. A puffy-eyed actress clutches a small dog, while urgent faces press for attention in the standing-room-only crowd, drinking in the warmth of feeling included.

Then the lights go out. Designers make last-minute changes—maybe running a hand through Helena's hair will give it that just-fucked-up-enough-to-work look. The girls are ready, decked out in hot pants and Mandarin silk dresses, low-slung hip-buggers and sky-scraping heels, pink tuxedos, skin-tight evening gowns, mad little top hats, and cowboy-themed bustiers—sleek outfits not exactly designed to reassure the average woman.

Suddenly the lights come up hot, bright, and blinding, the music explodes with a big funky disco slam, and everything else is forgotten. Meagan pauses that just-perfect instant, then hits the runway...

terests at heart. Designers, photographers, and editors aren't sitting around thinking: *What can I do to make a woman feel better, look better, have a better self-image?* They're thinking about what their fantasy is, kids, and who the hell's gonna wear it. Because the designers were either obsessed with their mothers and what they wore, or they have some other reason to create this bizarre unreality of a world.

Everybody wants to get inside a model's head, as if they can dissect her brain to find out what makes her so beautiful. Is it fun to be gorgeous? Is the look, the lifestyle, the attention, the leers, the comments, the backstabbing everything we imagine it to be? And what about the *money*? Surely, that's got to make it all worthwhile.

Most of us, thank God, will never know. Oh, sure, it's hours in first

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irst of all, what the hell is fashion anyway, and what does SPY magazine want me to say about it? After all, it's not a positive business. It doesn't have people's—especially women's—best in-



class (the Concorde if you're really hot). Trunks of couture. Appointment books of fine-grain leather. Exercise videos and Pepsi commercials. Acting coaches and record deals. Caribbean islands, business managers, and Swiss bank accounts.

It's also overly tanned French photographers. Espressos to wash down downers. Breakdowns and fall-outs, diets and massages. Families back home in the Midwest, London, Tel Aviv, Maricao, Moscow. Dreams and implants. Green cards and visas. Gilles and Anna. Helmut and Peter. Double kisses. Faded. Jaded. Hopeful. Doubtful. Arrivals. Departures. Lovers. Mothers. Is she beautiful? Can you make her a star? Is she a bitch? Perfect.

although I did not attend the opening of the Fashion Café in New York City, the idea of such a thing intrigues me.

What can one possibly expect to find in so aptly named a place as this? An amazing array of fascinating memorabilia, perhaps? As in a set of Naomi Campbell's dirty G-strings, or Claudia Schiffer's Koran-inspired dresses by Karl Lagerfeld (along with the ashes from the offending garments)?

Maybe even a Tiffany-style display case of glue-on moles worn on the upper lips of Cindy Crawford and Nikki Taylor. And you won't want to miss the beautifully mounted ticker stubs of Christy Turlington's seemingly endless string of Concorde flights. You'll be enchanted by the magical guitar stylings of Kate Moss, and marvel at how effortlessly Elle McPherson makes the jump from simply staring into the camera to actually speaking to one.

Visit the Interactive Room, where

you can experience the endless hair-color changes of Linda Evangelista in the café's exclusive "Wash-In, Wash-Out" coloring booth. You can even take home the "Stay Out All Night Drugging, Partying, and Sleeping With Whomever You Please and Still Wake Up Radiant" video. There's the hall of echoes, including the reverberating voices of make-up artists trashing the girls behind their backs, as well as vicious fights on exotic locations between one of those already-established-yet-still-insecure models and any other younger, prettier girl.



The menu here is simple, consisting mainly of a carrot stick or two with garnish. But for those not faint of heart, there's the Binge-and-Purge Plate—a take-home special!—complete with banana-split dessert, and instructions for putting your finger down your throat and making yourself puke.

For the guys in the crowd, you can experience the rejection of bitchy fledgling modelettes posed strategically around the bar: They smile at you, you

buy them a bottle of Cristal, and then they blow you off for a rich, ugly, European playboy. That's right, it's nothing but glamour and crazy fun with the edgy, sexy troika every night. Why of course Naomi, Claudia, and Elle will always be on hand, and what could be more important than welcoming you to the home of international excitement and superdupermodels?

flint, Michigan, cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered an important breeding ground of high fashion. But, growing up there as I did and seeing the stalwart women of that town dress themselves to the teeth for every imaginable occasion gave me the perfect background to put fashion in its place. Which is *in* your life, part of it, but not controlled by it. This is not easy to do.

Bad example: When my mother's friends walked into Beth Israel for four fabulous services of Rosh Hashonah (two for the less observant), decked out in Balmain and Trigere, all heads turned. Late entrances were *de rigueur*, major hairdos a must. Nothing threw these dames. No stuffed mushroom cap or overflowing Manhattan could not be balanced with aplomb. Likewise when they hit the greens at the country club, everything worked, from their hot little skirts to their peds with a pom-pom. Life was simple but had a point, and that was to look good, as much for each other as for the men in their lives.

Of course it's hard to live with that

kind of pressure, day in and day out, to look absolutely perfect. It's what's wrong with the whole scene. I have a certain contempt for the fashion world, and I don't always appreciate the fact that it's mostly manipulative and makes women feel that they never look good enough.

When I was growing up, my mom was an artist, sort of anti-fashion in that way that allows them to be taken more seriously. I had to twist her arm to get her to buy new clothes. On the flip side were the trophy wives of my dad's compatriots—women who were fashion-obsessive. They spent all their money and time dressing, they believed in fashion as reality, because, for them, shopping was a ritual, an escape, a place to sort out the good thoughts from the bad. And, above all, a way to fill their lonely days by making something spectacular out of their nights.

Is it any wonder I spent my high school years dressed in bell-bottoms and stuff from Chess King? Even now, at the end of the day, I find myself dressing in a jeans shirt and a pair of pants from The Gap more than anything that's been given to me or loaned to me or that I've begged, borrowed, or stolen from the fashion world.

If fashion exists for anything, it exists for showmanship, for theater. We must remember that none of it is reality, and shouldn't be taken as such. To try to make it appear real or take it as reality in your life is a mistake. Except, of course, by the people who do it. It's very much reality to them, and without their commitment to it, they couldn't be successful.

There's probably an underlying

sadness to the whole thing as well, because the designers are constantly trying to reinvent the wheel. Every season there's a huge pressure on them to come up with some spin on what's already existed throughout history, really, and to make it fresh again, to make it exciting. Whether it's the fabrics or the colors or just the simple modification of a skirt style or length, they are always under pressure to reinvent.

And everything's leading up to the show, the show happens, and then everyone's completely depressed and disappointed and disillusioned. Then they have a couple of days to recover and it's back to the drawing board for the next season. It's disposable creativity. You never have a chance to get back on your feet again and think it all through, you just better have that next idea, or have somebody whispering in your ear what they feel the buzz is going to be.

And how can you not feel drained when you go from selling your designs one month at Bergdorf's and the next you're down at the Century 21 outlets. It's one of the harsh realities of fashion—everybody ends up on the discount racks eventually.

Underneath the veneer of all these editors of all these magazines—all the coldness and detachment—there must be, on some level, a lot of pain. Take somebody like Anna Wintour, who's all business, constantly hiding behind a pair of huge sunglasses, very rarely smiling. I can't imagine that at the end of the day somebody would feel really good about that. Never being able to be real or feel any kind of emotion; always this kind of buttoned-up, freaked-out, picking-at-your-finger-sandwiches-and-

cucumber-slices-and-never-really-eat-with-gusto, always fearing to express yourself emotionally type of person. How much is it worth to be someone like her?

What very few people outside of the business realize is the power these editors have, that they can make or break the designers. That they decide who's going to be a star. Okay, certain girls sell more magazines; certain types of articles sell more subscriptions, get the advertisers all excited and ready to commit for another spread, another year. And all of it gets summed up as how "hot" you are and how hot your magazine is and how hot a designer is and whether or not the



model has anything to do with any of it.

How do you think it happens that some designer finds a certain fabric, decides on a certain style, a certain length of skirt, and then everybody



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After all, how much is your health worth? What would you spend to feel energized, strengthen your immune system, revitalize your skin, hair, and nails, and improve your overall health? If you're like most people, you've probably tried vitamins in the past without seeing any results.

Why most vitamins don't work.

The fact is many vitamin formulas aren't properly balanced. This can hinder their absorption. (For example, too much calcium may decrease the magnesium in your system.) Also, some nutrients are best taken in the morning and others at night, so a multi-vitamin taken once a day is not a good idea.

Many other vitamins contain dyes and unproven ingredients (like molybdenum), yet they lack important nutrients that are depleted by stress, birth-control pills, physical exertion, smoking, and drinking.

The MDR Fitness Tabs formula is based on the latest research to supply the *right amounts* of the *right nutrients* at just the *right time*. Plus, MDR has all the nutrients in the news today, like chromium picolinate, beta carotene and other important antioxidants.

Developed by Doctors.

A group of doctors (the Medical Doctors Research Group; hence MDR) decided to assemble a team of leading nutritionists, dieticians, dermatologists, biochemists, and physicians to research how vitamins could be more effective.



AM and PM formulas.

Together, the team developed MDR's unique AM and PM Fitness Tabs system. With one formula for women. And another for men.

Taking one Fitness Tab in the morning and one at night, both men and women noticed impressive results. In a survey of thousands of regular MDR users, dieters benefited. Smokers felt better. People under stress had more energy. Pilots felt more alert. Athletes noticed improved

performance. And women taking birth-control pills sensed a new vitality. Many doctors now use and recommend MDR Fitness Tabs, which are listed in the Physicians' Desk Reference. It's easy to see why MDR is now recognized as a leader in advanced vitamin formulations.

Free gift.

For only \$5* you can try MDR Fitness Tabs and receive this great AM/FM Sports Radio – FREE. Lightweight and compact, it includes a handy belt clip and built-in turbo speaker! It's perfect for workouts, the beach, sporting events, or anywhere you want news and music on the go.



Direct from the research labs.

We send MDR Fitness Tabs directly to you so we can guarantee maximum freshness and assure optimal purity and potency. We also continually update the formulas so you benefit from the latest scientific findings.

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With stress, pollution, and viruses that plague us today, why gamble with your health? Try to eat right, and take MDR Fitness Tabs as insurance.

To obtain MDR Fitness Tabs, call: **1 800 MDR-TABS** or mail the coupon below. You'll receive a 10-day trial supply, MDR Travel Case, and free AM/FM Sports Radio gift – all for only \$5.* And if you call now and order with your credit card, we'll even include an extra little gift – free!

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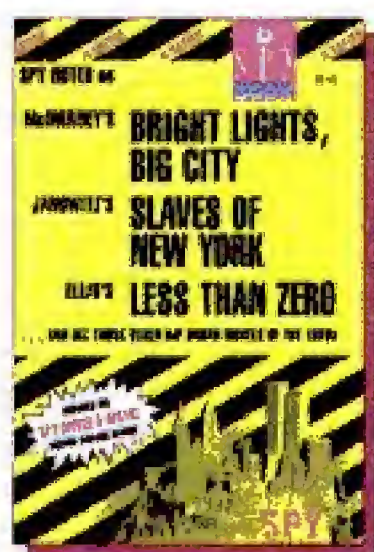
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what goes on in the world of fashion if no one's telling the truth? Because the truth is it's not real.

Why did *Prêt à Porter* suck so badly? Because how can you make a film seem realistic when your subject is so unreal? None of these movies, no documentary, no smart-ass magazine article, will ever capture what happens, because the crazy secret is that you have to get to the unreality of it in order to understand what it's all about.

And then when you get it, you have to put it

else decides on it at precisely the same moment? How do trends get started, anyway? Because if it were really all an individual effort, from designer to photographer to editor, then wouldn't we have 15 or 20 different trends happening every year?

all in perspective and keep it in perspective, because that's what's necessary if you're going to have a normal, healthy life and not be controlled by this crazy thing called fashion. Pay attention, now. Here comes the big finish: Clothes are clothes! It's nice to look nice, but how big a price do you want to pay for it? Your life? All your money? All your time? Your marriage, even? Or your kids's sanity?

I've always felt that I wanted to be a part of the world of high fashion to exact some sort of revenge for the way my mother was treated back in Flint. She was snubbed, frankly, and I always resented it, even as I felt bad for her and wanted her to look her best. It's the ancient conflict that many insecure women have about themselves—this \$3,500 Marc Jacobs dress will make me feel successful, more like...a model, a younger woman, Anna Wintour? All of those things, probably. But of course that feeling is fleeting, and next month you're back buying something else. Your self-esteem, like everything else, began uptown and ended on the discount racks. ☹

but then you know what would happen, don't you? People, especially the women who are expected to go out and actually buy the clothes, buy the magazines, would have to decide for themselves what looks good, what they're going to wear to the next event in Flint or wherever the hell it is they're off to. And we can't have that, not by any means. Neither can some editor appear foolish by choosing a look that's so obviously off the mark as to what's hot for '95, or '96, or whenever.

With fashion, you never really say how you feel about anything. So how can we criticize, how can we really identify

How to get a great tan... with your shirt on?

U.S. clothing manufacturer develops new 100% cotton fabric which allows you to tan with your shirt on. Now you can tan while you golf, walk, play tennis or do anything outdoors.

by Charles Anton

When I was a kid, getting a tan was easy. With only a part-time job, I would spend my free time by the pool. Without even trying, I would easily develop a warm glowing tan.

Of course, things aren't as easy now. I don't have time to sit around laying out in the sun. Besides, it's boring!

Fortunately, new developments in textile technology may eliminate the need to lay out in the sun. I'm talking about the development of a remarkable new fabric called "microsol."

Patented shirt. This fabric has been used to make a new line of shirts called Cool Tan. "Microsol" is a lightweight 100% cotton fabric. Because of its weave and a special process, "microsol" allows most sunlight to penetrate without being blocked. It acts as a sunscreen (about SPF 6), so you get an even, natural tan all over your upper body. Since there is a lot less chance of burning, you get a rich, glowing tan while you wear your shirt.

This process also renders the fabric very soft and sheer, allowing air to circulate around your body. No more damp shirts stuck to your back in the sweltering heat of the summer. This fabric is very breathable. Very comfortable. This special fabric has twice as much give as regular shirts.

Tan without trying. You can tan while you're golfing. While you're window shopping. While you're out on your walk. And you won't have those embarrassing tan-lines.

Imagine yourself with a warm, glowing, flawless tan. Not just on your arms with a tan

line at your shirt sleeve. But a great tan all over... on your front and your back. These all-cotton shirts allow you to tan without going topless.

Style and comfort for both men and women.

These shirts are available in rich colors like raspberry, teal and navy. You won't have a problem with fading or shrinking, either. These amazing shirts are just regular wash and dry. They are so comfortable, you may want to wear them

year round. Wear them anytime you want a cool, comfortable fit. They're great for indoor or outdoor sports or for just doing nothing.

One year guarantee. Regardless of the season we want you take advantage of this offer without risk... so, we'll give you a full year to wear your cool, comfortable, tan-through shirts while you golf, hike, play tennis or do anything outdoors. If your Cool Tan shirt doesn't give you a great tan and maximum comfort- return it to us for a complete refund. You've got nothing to lose but ugly tan lines... so act now!

Factory direct offer. With this revolutionary 100% cotton tan-through fabric, superb styling and innovative design,

you'd expect to pay \$60 or \$70 at exclusive shops- if they were available! We have decided to cut-out the middle man and offer these great shirts *direct-to-you* at greatly reduced prices. Plus, we will ship your order within 72 hours of receiving it. So, try out these amazing shirts and tell your friends about them!

Old tanning methods made obsolete.

The Cool Tan shirts give you a natural tan the easy way. Plus, they also provide protection from the sun, up to SPF 6. Now you can start having fun in the sun instead of agonizing over your tan!

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- sticky, uncomfortable shirts.
- ugly "arm only" tans.
- unapproved tanning drugs



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Leslie Mitchell- Virginia Beach, VA

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Lucantonio Salvi- Peris, CA

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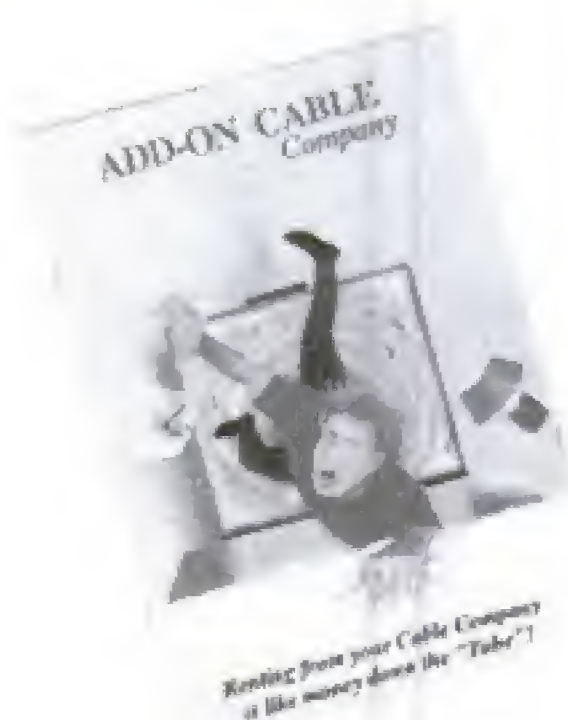
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2



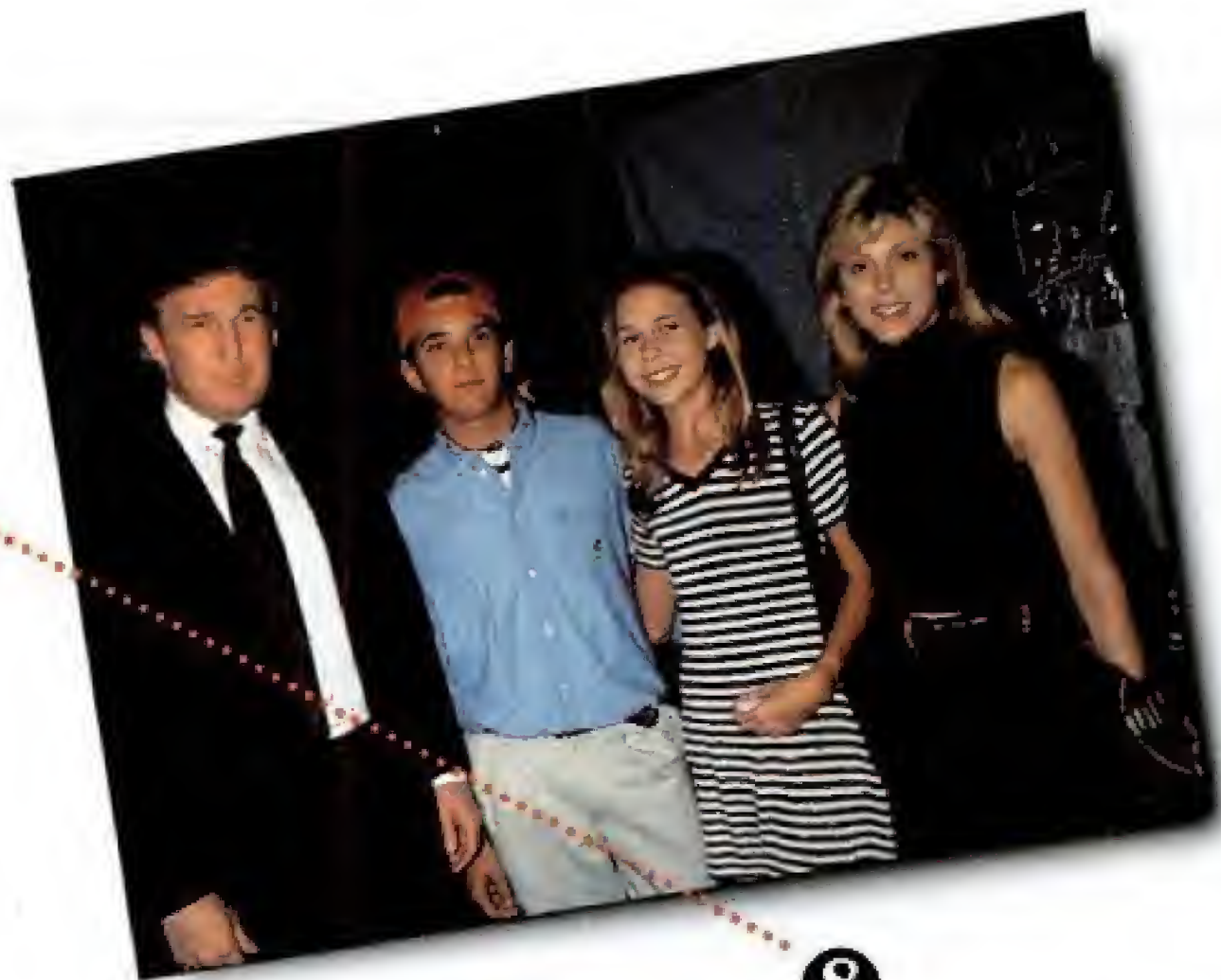
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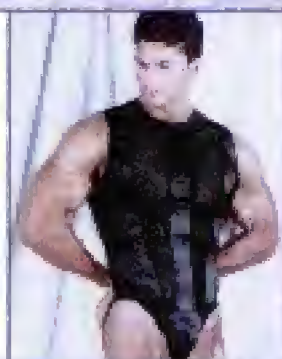
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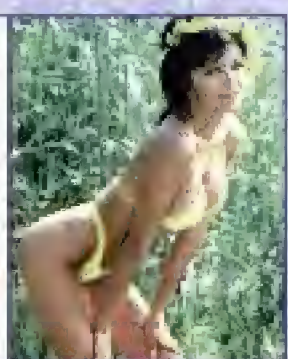
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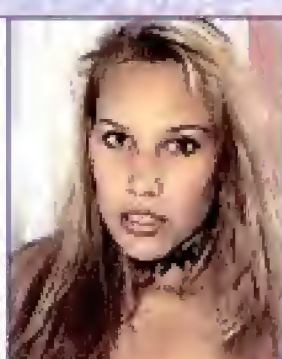
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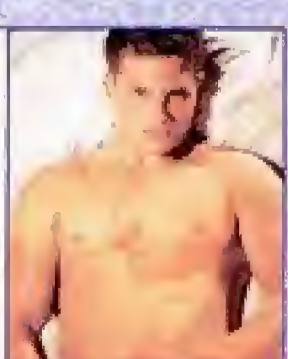
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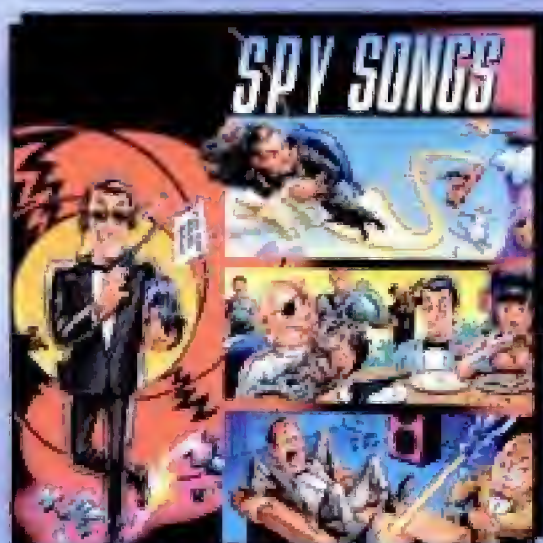
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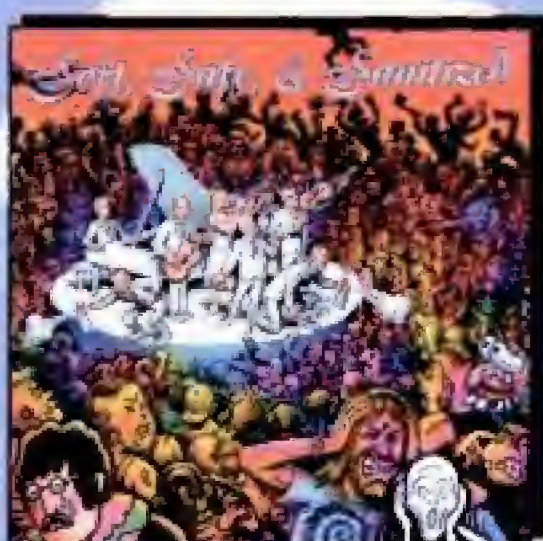
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